

# DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.

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## A STUDY OF THE AMERICAN GIRL.

ILLUSTRATED BY J. WELLS CHAMPNEY.

IN his collection of pastels entitled "Types of American Girlhood," exhibited in New York during the spring, Mr. J. Wells Champney has struck a new note in the ever-popular theme of the American girl. Mr. Champney has made the discovery, the startling, refreshingly novel discovery, that there is no typical American girl; there are many types, but no one type that can be regarded as national and conclusive.

Mr. Champney's arguments are presented to the public in the convincing form of a series of exquisite pastel portraits of well-known society girls. The American girl, he contends, is too cosmopolitan, too broadly intelligent, has, in fact, inherited her beauty and vivacity from too great a variety of ancestors, to become typical of the peculiarities of any one nation. To speak of a typical American girl is like speaking of a typical American flower. There are many flowers indigenous to the American soil, but apart from a few dominant characteristics the blossoms vary in color and perfume.

Since the landing of the famous *Mayflower* America has possessed an ever-varying type of womanhood, from the Puritan maid of gentle grace and humble mien, down to the Gibson girl, fearless, stately, and of rare patrician beauty. Every new phase of a constantly changing civilization, every fresh development of a hot-house process of cultivation, has brought its own peculiar type of feminine loveliness, that has suggested a standard of beauty for a day or an hour, a fleeting ideal for an impressionable artist. For in art as well as in literature there is always

a welcome for the passing fad, whether it be "Greek form," nihilism, a pretty foot, or the American girl.

As a type this American girl smiles at us from the canvas of a great artist, and there is a dash of coquetry in her sweet eyes and a suggestion of mysticism in her grave, parted lips. In song and verse she is celebrated, and she is the very breath of life to the modern novel, to the

writer and illustrator alike. But in real life who among us has seen her? Where is she to be found? Not in the West. She is charming there, breezy, spirited, original, slangy, independent, and delightfully unconventional; but provincial rather than national. You may look in vain for her among the fragile, Dresden-china *bas-bleus* of New England, whose opinions and accent are equally chilling, and whose dainty eye-glasses are never by any chance *couleur de rose*. South of the Mason and Dixon line there exist sweet-voiced, sweet-lipped women, always gracious, graceful, and gentle, but, alas! never typical. Surely it will not be necessary to pursue the *ignis fatuus* beyond New York, for New York expects to be patted every time the American type is mentioned; but, strange to say, it is by a careful study of the youth and beauty of this cosmopolitan city that the truth is brought to light that there is no typical American girl.



THE COLLEGE GIRL.

We have, indeed, been lured to worship at a false shrine. There is the Gibson girl, who is rather the Southern type with an added hauteur and directness of style; the Smedley girl, who is a combination of New York and San Francisco; the Howells girl, who has the manners of





THE MODERN NEREID.



THE GOLFING GIRL.



THE EQUESTRIENNE.



THE BICYCLE GIRL.





THE BRIDE.

Boston with the soul of Chicago; and the Henry James girl, whose manners and soul are devoid of any local color whatever; but even a composite girl of these four types would scarcely be sufficiently representative. It would be quite as sensible to insist that the daisy should grow like a rose, blossom like an orchid, and carry the perfume of a violet, as to attempt to condense American girlhood, with its varying qualities of earnestness, vivacity, mirth, dignity, gentleness, independence, and mental alertness, into one typical American girl.

Mr. Champney has not been blinded by the fad of the day. His keen artist-vision, combined with a broad insight into human nature, and the culture of years of study and travel, have enabled him to "think clear and see straight."—to see the absurdity of attempting to glean a type from so conglomerate a civilization as ours, and to recognize that there are dominant qualities in the most widely diversified types.

In painting the group of beautiful young American women who in his estimation typify American girlhood at this end of the century, Mr. Champney has carefully refrained from engrafting on his work his own ideal of feminine charms, or from perpetuating any one style of beauty as having a national significance. A glance around his studio, where the collection was temporarily displayed, revealed the same interesting variety of faces to be seen

at any gathering of well-bred American girls throughout the United States. The slender, vivacious face with sparkling eyes and jet-black hair, telling of French ancestry; the blue-eyed, brown-haired, rosy-cheeked lassie whose dimples and smiles and coquetry are Ireland's own; the olive-skinned beauty who would look most at home in a lace mantilla with a red rose back of ear, like the painting of her own great-grandmother; and the Saxon maid with eyes blue and glittering, a daughter of the gods, proud of the fighting barons who adorn her family tree.—all these are in evidence, and each maiden engaged in her favorite sport or pastime.

Miss Minga Pope, the clever artist daughter of the first president of the Academy of Design, is pictured in her studio, typical of the young American artist; and Miss Mildred Howells, whose father has himself created a type of American girl, is represented at her favorite occupation of pouring tea, which she does with a demure grace and quaint precision of manner that are in themselves a revelation of character.

The group naturally includes the musical girl, and the young and budding philanthropist, and the ball room belle, the last represented by the dark-eyed Miss Goodrich in the dashing pink marquise gown which she wore at the Bradley-Martin ball. Miss Van Anden, the college girl, is a Vassar graduate, and, in spite of her grave, thoughtful, and studious expression, there is a spice of fun lurking in the dark eyes which would argue well for hours of gayety as well as study. And the bride, who can scarcely be said to represent either a sport or a pastime, yet perhaps the most popular rôle of the day, is Mrs. Hansen-Fisher, who posed for Mr. Champney in all the glory of her bridal array just a short time before her marriage.

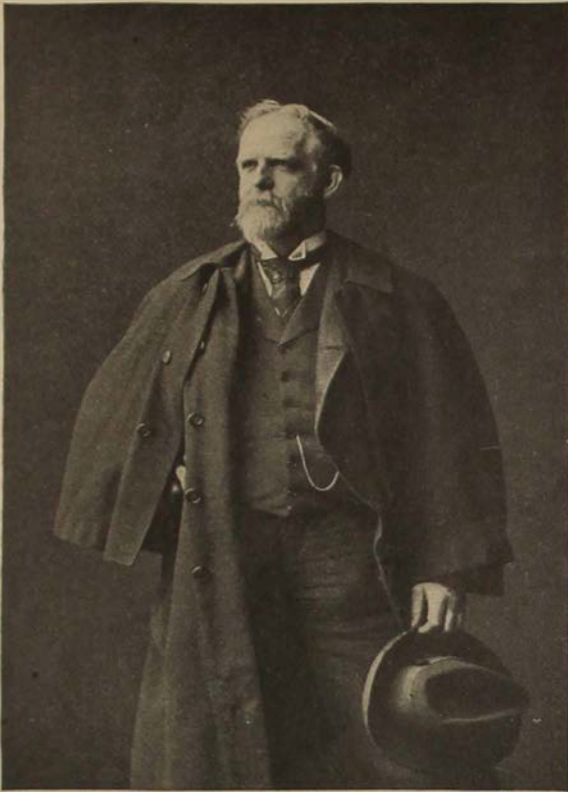
But most interesting of the group, as well as most typical of our summer social life, are the athletic girls. It is almost needless to say that Mr. Champney is a champion of outdoor sports. His own daughter, who, by the way, exhibited her first miniature at the recent Paris *salon*, was the first president of the Vassar Athletic Association, and she is a crack wheelwoman, and an expert at basket-ball. Indeed, without a thorough appreciation of the value of outdoor life Mr. Champney could never have succeeded in making the athletic girl so much at home on his canvas, painting her, as he has, with such vigor, enthusiasm, and sympathy.

In his appreciation of outdoor sports as a means of



A SOCIETY-TYPE.





J. WELLS CHAMPNEY.

raising the standard of feminine beauty in America Mr. Champney is not alone. There is scarcely an artist of note in the country who is not an enthusiastic advocate of thorough athletic training for women, and who does not firmly believe that the American girl of each and every type is growing more beautiful, not because she is growing more luxurious and cultured, but because she has adopted for herself the motto that a healthy mind should be in a healthy body, and has found out the many ways of gaining the healthy body.

It can scarcely be said that there is any one sport that is a national favorite with American women. Each sport is in turn popular with all, and all sports are popular some of the time with a few. Tennis has had its "go," and the racquet, so fashionable three summers since, is now tied up with a bow of ribbon and used as an ornament along with the bow and arrows of past archery seasons. Riding horseback will hold its own as long as there is money in the exchequer and the least particle of genuine sporting blood in the veins. The mere fact that bicycling is a healthy, wholesome sport would not save it from passing into oblivion, so far as the fickle-minded American girl is concerned, if it had not a saving grace in its usefulness, convenience, and inexpensiveness, which will save it from becoming a passing fad or temporary whim. But the sport *par excellence* at present is the fine old Scotch game of golf. Miss Amy Moeran, Mr. Champney's golfing girl, is authority on the subject, and she has put the entire matter of the extent of the golfing fad in the following terse fashion:

"No one asks you nowadays if you play, but merely 'Where do you play?'"

Miss Moeran prefers the course on the Shinnecock Hills, although she enjoys very much a game on the St. Andrews links, just beyond Yonkers. In Mr. Champney's picture she appears to be in the very heat of a golfing triumph. Her shoulders are splendidly set, her wrist is powerful, and there is a general air of determination

in the pose, as though she were playing to win,—an honest American characteristic. It is a significant fact that there are no "ivy vine" types of girls in this collection.

One of the finest wheelwomen in New York is Miss Fürstner, who posed for the bicycle girl; she has more than one century-run to her credit, and is a fearless, graceful rider. "The modern Nereid" of the collection is little Miss Knapp, a sixteen-year-old school-girl of Brooklyn. Clad in vivid scarlet, with a dreamy expression on her pretty, childish face, she stands, resting against a surf-eaten pile as though only half-inclined to take the first chilly plunge into the fierce breakers. But the indifference is only assumed, for the ocean is a mere playground to this dainty mermaid. The heroine of Mr. Champney's equestrienne picture is Miss Holbrook, who is a fearless cross-country rider and enjoys a stiff jump with her famous hunter better even than a midsummer night's dance. A more charming glimpse of American social life it would be hard to find than that furnished by this collection, a "pictorial diary" for future generations.

As a pastelist, Mr. Champney ranks at the head of American artists. He has already exhibited several fine collections of his pastels. In 1896 his collection embraced a series of copies—"translations," the artist calls them—of French court beauties; in 1895, a group of early English court beauties, charming in face and quaint in attire, were "translated" through the medium of his pastel work.

Mr. Champney prefers pastel, not only because through this medium he feels he can achieve the best results, but because, as he has often said, "Pastel work remains always as it was when it left the hand of the artist. It is thus more satisfactory than oils, for it does not change with time."

In spite of his success, which is international in breadth, Mr. Champney leads as busy a life as the youngest, most ambitious student at the Art League. From nine o'clock in the morning he is to be found in his picturesque studio, enveloped in a linen blouse and surrounded by easels,



A CORNER OF MR. CHAMPNEY'S STUDIO.



canvases, and trays of colored chalk. Outside the working paraphernalia the furnishing of the room is very beautiful. The chairs and tables are of rich woods, exquisitely carved; the draperies are Oriental stuffs, heavy with silk embroideries and sparkling with mirror inlays; pictures are everywhere, and there are curios, too, of the kind not found in shops.

On Saturday afternoon the artist discards his blouse and receives his friends. Pastels and canvases are put away, and in their place are groups of famous men and

women, singers, musicians, writers, learned scientists, and fellow artists. Upper Bohemia and Fifth Avenue are equally complimented by a card to Mr. Champney's "at homes;" and from "two to five" the studio door, which moves with a constant accompaniment of the delicate, quivering music of an Æolian harp, admits more interesting people, more men and women whose signatures have a cash equivalent, than will be met in the entire lifetime of the average human being.

MARY ANNABLE FANTON.

## MISS CHANCE'S PROGRESSIVE DINNER.

MISS CHANCE explained the situation to Mr. Brill in a few well-chosen words:

"Miss Grace leaves for her home in the country very soon,—Brooklyn, Boston, or Philadelphia, I have forgotten which,—and I have decided to give a farewell dinner. It is to be informal and *progressive*."

"'Progressive'?" repeated Mr. Brill, blankly.

"Yes. Oh! I forgot. You've been in mourning. Why, a progressive dinner is the very latest. It's like a card-party, where you begin at the bottom and go to the top, or *vice versa*. Of course you've been to progressive card-parties?"

"I have never progressed anywhere," said Mr. Brill, "either socially or in business, but I am willing to try."

Miss Chance viewed him solemnly. They were so well acquainted that they did not think it necessary to laugh at each other's jokes. Then, after her serious scrutiny, she responded,

"It's an experience you should have at least once in your life."

"Why?"

"Because it teaches contentment; that better is a dinner of herbs where quiet reigns, than a stalled ox and perpetual motion."

The progressive dinner did not contradict this revised aphorism.

There was a noticeable air of subdued excitement about the sixteen young people who had assembled to do honor to Miss Chance's hospitality, quite different to the hungry languor with which a party usually waits the pleasing announcement that dinner is served. Some of those present, like Mr. Brill, had never attended a progressive dinner, while others, more experienced, waited with an even greater interest its probable discomfitures and possible catastrophes.

Miss Chance had spent a great deal of anxious thought in planning the arrangement of her guests. "It's not like a regular dinner," she confided to Mr. Brill in the last conference which preceded it, while she smoothed out the incipient wrinkles in her long *Suède* gloves, and looked reproachfully at the closed door which hid the last recalcitrant guest. "Now at a regular dinner you know So-and-so and So-and-so aren't friends, and you can put them at opposite sides of the table and mass the flowers in such a way that they can't glare through. How often I have done that," and she smiled in reminiscence. "That's one reason why my dinners have always been so popular. You could meet your worst enemy at my table and yet know that you would be fenced in from annoyance. But at a progressive dinner people are bound to meet, and the hostess must *finesse* so that the meeting will be as little explosive as possible. You could endure sitting with your last year's sweetheart during some of

the short courses, but you must have the latest star in your horizon with the roast or bird."

"Why not bid only those to your feast who are congenial?" interpolated Mr. Brill, with the air of one who knows he is rushing to certain argumentative death.

"Impossible! Find sixteen people of your acquaintance who are all good friends! You might as well expect to hear the dead spoken well of, or your relatives pleased at your sudden accession to landed estates. No; the law of natural antipathy knows no interregnum. I think myself particularly fortunate in finding sixteen people who will sit at the same festal board."

Mr. Brill apologized for the stupidity of his suggestion.

After she had confided to him a few more amusing details and explanations, she ended:

"You are to have the honor of taking me out. I know you so well you won't expect me to be polite, and I can neglect you conscientiously while the Blue Points are being devoured; that will give me an opportunity to watch the expressions and see if I have guessed correctly. If they all look as if the oysters were bad I shall know that I was right."

"What a queer way to tell."

"Not at all;" and Miss Chance looked annoyed at his lack of comprehension. "The oyster course is a short one. If they suffer bivalvic misery they will be sustained by the knowledge that later on is coming the roast of absolute serenity, eaten with the chosen one."

Mr. Brill bowed.

"Now," and she led the procession towards the dining-room, "you will be back at my left hand for the last course, and you can tell me all the unpleasant things you have heard. Promise me," and she looked with apparent seriousness through her eye-glasses up into his face, "that this dinner shall not break our friendship. It's a great risk to give progressive dinners."

"I promise," and Mr. Brill was apparently serious also.

There was a small porcelain bell with a landscape painted on it, a souvenir of Swiss Martigny, at Miss Chance's right hand, and after the party had settled themselves in their designated places, Miss Chance moved it within easy distance.

"I ring this at the end of each course," she murmured to Mr. Brill. "Like progressive euchre, you know."

"To tell them to stop eating? What an economical practice. I shall recommend it to my landlady."

"Of course I wait a suitable time," said Miss Chance, ignoring, as usual, his attempt at pleasantry, "but when I touch it the men must rise and move one place to the right."

"Great heavens! That will bring me to Miss Stephens during fish, and I haven't spoken to her for a year. You



see, I tried to teach her the bicycle and she has never forgiven me."

"This will be a splendid opportunity to make it up. I will give you plenty of time."

"But I don't want to. I might have to resume the lessons."

"That is the charm of a progressive dinner," said Miss Chance, placidly, as Mr. Brill helped himself to some Tabasco sauce with an air of helpless acceptance of the inevitable. "The expected is sure to happen, and if you send invitations to misfortune be sure they will be accepted."

Meanwhile, a beautiful girl at the other end of the table was saying to her escort:

"What a shame we were sent out together. I have so many things to tell you, and one can't get in more than a dozen sentences during oysters. I think it horrid of Miss Chance. She's arranged it so you will sit with her during the roast and have three times as long as you have with me. I see it all. It's a plot. I wish I were home."

Her voice sounded as if she were about to dissolve in tears, and the man, who dreaded a scene and was really hungry, remarked, comfortingly:

"My dear girl, you're spending the little time we have complaining. Can't we eat slowly?" accompanying his question with a half-starved look at the waiting bivalves.

"That's the worst of oysters," said the girl, disconsolately. "You simply *can't* eat them slowly. It's a physical impossibility. If it were only soup we could pretend it was hot; it is sometimes, you know; and *entrées*, why, any amount of time can be consumed over *entrées*, but everyone knows you are shamming when you take so much time over oysters."

After a moment's pause, during which she made heroic efforts to stem the tide of her emotion, she added, "Why, you've eaten all yours."

"I couldn't help it," said her partner, aggressively. "As you say, oysters do slip down so easily; and you've only three left yourself."

Their discomfiture was not unnoted. Miss Chance called Mr. Brill's attention to it in wicked glee, and across the table a tall, bored girl broke the silence for the first time since she had seated herself, and said to a youth, the immature down on whose upper lip betokened his lack of conversational ability:

"Do you believe in vivisection? If so, do watch Miss Van Houten. She is actually chewing her oysters. Everyone else has finished long ago and she has two left. They say she is dreadfully *épris* with Mr. Balch. I wonder if she knows he's engaged to me?"

"Is that so?" asked the young medical student, feeling a thrill of sympathy for Mr. Balch. "And do people chew oysters when they are suffering from hopeless attachments? I must make a note of that."

A silvery tinkle from the miniature Swiss cow-bell was heard and the men arose.

Miss Chance was satisfied. "They have been mismated more successfully than I ever dreamed. Every man looks cross and every woman revengeful. It's sure to be a triumph!"

"And so you leave us to-morrow?" asked Mr. Gage, as he sank with a sigh of content into the chair beside Miss Grace, in whose honor the dinner was given, and whose beauty and wit surrounded her with admirers.

Miss Grace said "Yes" with so lugubrious an accent that further regrets were useless.

An earnest expression in a man's dark eyes farther down the table started Mr. Gage in a quick train of thought.

"Ah, ha! Darley! He means business. No one ever

looked that way by accident. Miss Grace goes to-morrow, and it's neck and neck. I must speak to-night. Wherever her home is, it's too far away to trust to mails or memory. I've got the advantage of place, but I'm handicapped. There aren't more than a dozen spoonfuls of soup, and he'll have her with the bird or the roast, I can't tell which. However, none but the brave—I'll try."

His partner was chatting amiably, unconscious of the serious import of his thoughts.

"Do you know this is the first progressive dinner I ever attended? Aren't they great sport? I came out with Mr. Carlton, and during oysters—funny to separate time into oysters or soup, isn't it?—he said he had something very important to say to me,—something to which he wished me to pay particular attention. Dreadfully nervous man, isn't he? He swallowed two or three pieces of ice by mistake,—thought they were oysters. And what a man for preliminaries! Perhaps that explains his swallowing the ice. Well, by the time he had finished impressing upon me the necessity of absolute attention the bell rang and he had to move. You should have seen his expression!—impressionistic, like a thunder-storm. I think people should be more careful about their expressions when they are exposed at any moment to the terrors of the stray camera or cinematograph; and then it's so rude to your hostess to look as if the dinner disagreed with you, isn't it?"

Mr. Gage tried to check the flow of her eloquence, but she went on rapidly. Was it intentional? He could not determine.

"Now what do you suppose he wanted to say to me? Isn't it charming not to know? Conversation could never drag at a progressive dinner. If ideas fail, all you have to do is to start your partner guessing what the last one didn't have time to finish."

There was a look of mingled mirth and malice in Miss Grace's big blue eyes, and one of feverish anxiety in Darley's, who watched them, unmindful of soup or the blandishing coquetries of his auburn-haired partner, which spurred Mr. Gage to further effort. He stopped her at the beginning of a story which promised interminable sequels.

"I don't know what Carlton wanted to say, but, if I may borrow one of his expressions, I would like you to listen to me for a moment."

A tinkle of the bell interrupted the coming confession.

He looked down. He had unconsciously absorbed the green-turtle soup, and the empty plates emphasized the fact of his enforced departure.

Miss Grace looked sympathetic while she nibbled a salted almond. "It ought to be called a *repressive* dinner, oughtn't it?"

He leaned over the chair, unmindful of a tap on his shoulder and the cheerful tones of his neighbor saying:

"Your loss is my gain, old fellow; my place, I believe."

"May I see you after dinner?" he asked, solemnly. "It's annoying to be choked off this way."

Miss Grace hesitated. "I have to leave early, and Miss Chance, I believe, has invited a Trilby dancer; but I shall be back next winter."

"*Next winter!*" and Darley, course by course, moving nearer.

"Something must have happened to annoy Mr. Gage," whispered Miss Chance to Mr. Brill, whom she beckoned to her side for a moment as the men changed after the next course. "Why, he hardly spoke to Miss Smythe, and she is a Bryn Mawr graduate. He spent all his time hunting for bones in the fish."



When Darley took his place beside Miss Grace he started in brusquely, silently offering a prayer of thanksgiving that the salad had been served with the bird instead of being a separate course, which would have shortened his time and his opportunity, awaited patiently so long, during which he had tried to formulate his plan of action and mode of speech.

He pushed her plate a little back. "Pardon me, Miss Grace," he said authoritatively, "but this is not the season for grouse. I am surprised that Miss Chance should have it served, but she has undoubtedly been the victim of an unsportsmanlike cook. Let me implore you not to eat it."

He pushed his own plate back, and contented himself with curling a leaf of lettuce over his fork.

Miss Grace was visibly impressed by his earnestness. She did not know that grouse had a season, or what the consequences would be of eating it at unorthodox times; but to refuse his advice would be discourteous, and, besides, her hunger had been appeased by continuous dallying with salted almonds and *bonbons*. Her attention was, consequently, concentrated entirely on him, a result he had apparently foreseen.

He did not wait for preliminaries, as his rivals had done, but plunged at once into the middle of things.

"You are going away to-morrow, and this may be the last opportunity I shall have to tell you that I have fallen madly, desperately, in love with you."

His tone was lowered and he watched with feverish anxiety, through the interstices of the pink azaleas shadowed in the smilax-wreathed mirror, the evolutions indulged in by his *vis-à-vis*, who ate his bird like a hungry farmer,—or so Darley described it to himself in the distorted sarcasm of his thought.

Miss Grace said nothing, but a beautiful blush, vying in splendor with the rosy tint of the table decorations, showed that she was not entirely indifferent to the compliment paid her.

He noted with supreme satisfaction her unmistakable confusion, and could not forbear a look of triumph down the length of the table, where he encountered four masculine eyes fixed on him in an agony of apprehension.

"I should not speak so hurriedly, and at a time and place so inappropriate, were it not that your departure is so unexpected and the future so uncertain; besides——"

He stopped himself in time, covering the lapse of speech by dropping his napkin, which he stooped to recover. He had been about to say something regarding rivals; but if they had not had time to declare themselves, perhaps it was unwise to announce them.

The pause was fatal.

Miss Grace recovered her *sang-froid* and normal condition. She looked at him coquettishly.

"I am sure this is a game," she said, munching another almond and showing her regular teeth in a distracting smile. Her tone of raillery, or his intuition that there was a distinct purpose underlying it, convinced Darley that he had made a false move and his opportunity was lost.

"I thought it was only the dinner that was progressive," she went on, unmindful of the gloom settling on his countenance, "but, no; I see I am mistaken. My first partner looks sentimental; the second says a few suggestive words; the third, a few more. You tell me outright that you love me; the next will, of course, speak of marriage, and the next,—well, I suppose he has provided himself with a wedding-ring. It's really a very amusing game." And she laughed again so merrily that, hearing it, her other admirers took heart.

"You surely don't think——" Darley's self-possession forsook him in company with the assumed air of probable

ownership so noticeable when he took his seat. His voice trembled. Here was an unexpected obstacle. How could he convince her that he was in earnest? He curled and uncurled various leaves of crisp lettuce while he tried to rearrange plans of attack on her maiden affections. He looked up and met Gage's eyes fixed on his with unconcealed triumph; eluding these, he encountered those of Carlton, who looked murderous and had succeeded in landing his bird in the cerise satin lap of his indignant partner. He tried to formulate sentences of weighty import, to no avail. Miss Grace babbled on, describing her new bicycle gown and how she adored Sothern.

The silvery tinkle of the bell interrupted his inchoate plans.

There was an enigmatic look in Miss Grace's eyes as he strode away, upsetting his chair in his forced retreat. It was the look of a woman who has evaded an impending proposal.

Mr. Carlton had not given up all hope. His first venture having failed, he was tempted to try again. As they rose from dessert he drew a young man toward him. "I say, old fellow, if you'll let me slip into your place by Miss Grace this time you can have that mare; no one will notice, and she's a beauty."

He did not specify to whom the eulogistic word belonged.

Mr. Brown hesitated.

"You see,"—and with Adam-like prevarication Carlton sought an excuse,—"she wants to finish a story she was telling me."

"All right," answered Mr. Brown, moved to a sudden pity by his questioner's earnestness and by the pleading glance of a petite blonde, who awaited his decision.

Miss Grace looked a little annoyed.

"Why, we had oysters together!" she exclaimed, looking at Mr. Brown's retreating figure with a puzzled stare.

Mr. Carlton explained. "This was my only opportunity, and Brown said he didn't care a bit. Now I can have you all to myself for coffee. If looks could kill," and he gazed triumphantly at Gage and Darley, "I should be transfixed by four fiery darts."

Miss Grace met Miss Chance's eye and gave a long, pleading look, then listened politely to the next words of her unwelcome companion.

"I was interrupted before, but *this* time——"

While he emphasized these words Miss Chance smiled comprehendingly at Miss Grace.

"See," she said to Mr. Brill, who by successive progressions had reached her left hand, "Mr. Brown has changed his place. That is unfair. It destroys the harmony of my arrangements, and he must be punished. Charles," and she motioned the attentive butler to her side, "we will have the coffee served in the drawing room."

She gave a last, unexpected tinkle to the Swiss bell, rose majestically from her chair and sailed from the room, her escort disentangling himself with difficulty from the ribbon streamers pendent from her belt, which had wound about him, moved by a swift current of air.

The party crowded into the drawing room, where the strains of a concealed piano, and a small girl in red tulle, poised on the tips of her tiny, bare toes, welcomed them.

While the coffee was being served Miss Grace chatted with amiable impartiality to her fascinated admirers. A maid glided through the group and handed her a telegram.

She opened it and gave a scream of delight, then took them all into her confidence.

"Tom's coming to take me home. Isn't it glorious!"

"Tom!" After the staccato unanimity of the exclamation, an oppressive silence fell on the group, broken



by strains of "Believe me, if all those endearing young charms."

"Yes. You know"—and her confiding smile deepened—"this is my last outing before—"

The accompanying blush was a work of supererogation. They understood.

Miss Chance and Mr. Brill compared notes together in a low tone.

"I'm glad it's over; aren't you?" she asked, with singular candor, considering her position as hostess.

Mr. Brill adjusted his monocle mechanically. "The application of the Keely motor to social matters is very unpleasant. I never enjoyed a dinner less. From eggs to nuts, as the old Romans used to say, I have been perfectly miserable for fear you would change your mind and regret the promise you gave me last night. Tell me you have not." And he bent over until his lips touched her hand.

"Change my mind!" and her tone was more tender than her words. "Good gracious, no! I didn't have time."  
 GERTRUDE F. LYNCH.

## A LATTER-DAY PILGRIMAGE.

NOT toilsomely with scrip and staff, as did the Franciscan Fathers of old, do we make the pilgrimage; but by easy stages—stopping a day here, an hour there—the journey from mission to mission is compassed.

The old missions of California, grand even in decay, have outlasted a century's storms and the invasion of sight-seers innumerable. The irreverent tourist comes, gazes in open-mouthed wonder, and departs with whatever in the way of relics he can lay his hands on. Not infrequently he inscribes his name upon the walls in some

and whose mode of living differed scarcely from that of the beasts of the field. To sum up history, in 1769 the first mission was founded in Southern California by the pioneer priest Junipero Serra, and the work of Christianizing the Indians and otherwise bettering their condition was fairly inaugurated. The ceremony attending the founding of the missions was in every instance much the same. The ground was consecrated, a cross was erected, a temporary chapel of brush put up, and the bells that summoned the wondering Indians from far and near were

hung from a roughly hewn beam supported by two posts, or from the limb of a neighboring tree.

The Franciscans brought with them the vine and the olive, and rapidly trained their converts in all the ways of industry. The Indians were taught various crafts, and it is said that they excelled in the carving of wood and stone and the working of leather. They made vats for the wine that was pressed from the



THE FIRST MISSION.

conspicuous place,—vandal that he is! The past and all that these noble monuments symbolize are nothing to him; but he "takes 'em in" as a matter of course, because they are down on the books.

To the lovers of the picturesque these crumbling piles—the only ruins of which our young country can boast—are a revelation and a delight. It is as though a corner of Old Spain, with its olive groves, its gray walls, and its mossy fountains, had been set down in the midst of our prosaic Yankee-land, teaching us, by the dreamy restfulness and peace which pervade the domain, the unwisdom of the things we do in the name of Progress.

It has been said: "Other pioneers have blazed the way for civilization by the torch and bullet; but it remained for the Spanish priests to accomplish the same end by peaceful means." In 1697 California was inhabited solely by Indians, whose intelligence was of a very low order,

mission-grown grapes; *zanjas*, or irrigating ditches, through which was carried for miles the water that made the desert bloom as the rose; and fountains, or reservoirs, for the storing of water,—all from mortar. They carved from wood the statues one sees in the niches above the altars; special mention is made of the "wood-carved statues with excellently rendered draperies" that adorned the San Juan Capistrano Mission. They painted pictures, also, and frescoed the inner walls of the mission with no mean skill.

An old record thus details the daily life at the missions: "At daybreak all were astir, and after mass in the chapel a frugal breakfast was served; then each repaired to his or her respective field of labor. Every day the keeper of the granaries distributed a quantity of grain sufficient for three meals, with a portion of uncooked beef or mutton for the midday meal. The unmarried women converts lived



apart in the *monjerio*, or nunnery, which was in charge of a trusted old Indian woman. The inner court was brightened by growing flowers and palms, and here the girls spent their days, spinning wool, preparing cotton for cloth making baskets and drawn-work, or embroidering. The labors of the day were over at five o'clock, and the *padre's* evening blessing followed the Angelus." Truly a pastoral existence.



OLD MISSION OF SAN DIEGO, FOUNDED IN 1769

The missions were so well organized, and the devout *padres* superintending them worked with such enthusiasm and earnestness of purpose, that they quickly multiplied in number, nine being established by 1787. Already in 1780 the sixteen missionary *padres* were the spiritual leaders and rulers of over three thousand Indian converts, and by the close of the century there were eighteen missions, with forty *padres* and a neophyte population of thirteen thousand five hundred. In spite of all that was accomplished, however, it has been said of the mission work that while it was one of the most devout and praiseworthy of mortal efforts, it was also, viewed in the light of its avowed intentions, one of the most fruitless, and in its after-effects, the most pitiful of human failures.

Spain's idea in establishing the missions had been to use them as stepping-stones over which to pass to the actual civilization of the country; but the *padres'* methods

of training did not really civilize their converts,—that is, in the sense of elevation, and in inspiring in them a desire for progress,—for the neophytes remained helplessly dependent upon them. That the Indians of California were a docile and teachable tribe as compared with those of the great Northwest is proved by the fact that there was but one uprising against the Franciscan Fathers, that of 1775, when the Mission of San Diego was destroyed.

It was quickly rebuilt, and the work progressed with unabated vigor. It was the entire failure of the missions to prepare their Indian neophytes for true citizenship, for the acceptance of civilization with all that it implies, which led to steps for their secularization.

When Mexico became a republic the *padres* recognized that the days of their supremacy were over. Not long thereafter—in 1826—a decree was issued for the partial emancipation of the neo-

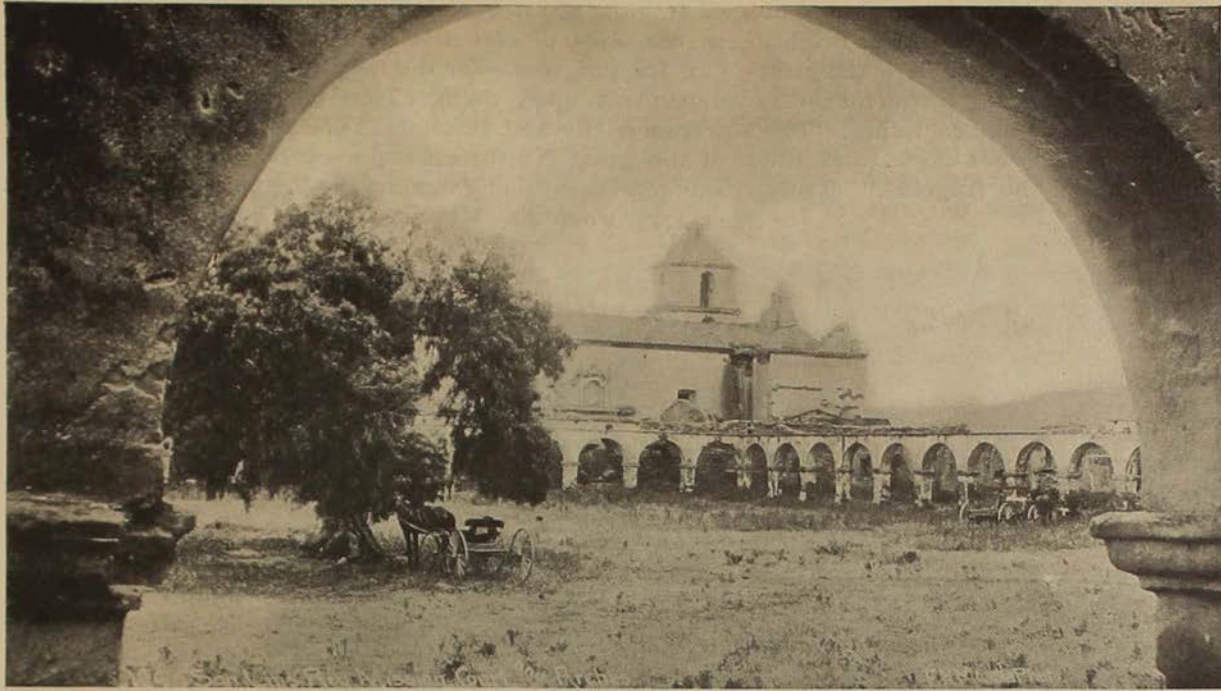
phytes of San Diego, Santa Barbara, and Monterey, giving the Indians a degree of freedom from the control of the *padres*; and a few years later a plan was brought before the California Legislature, which provided for the gradual transformation of the missions into *pueblos*; it



GARDEN OF SANTA BARBARA MISSION.

gave to the neophytes also a share of the property. Political quarrels prevented the immediate execution of the plan, but it was the beginning of the end. By 1846, after years of misrule and no rule, during which California





SAN LUIS REY MISSION. COURT AND ARCHES.

was an outlying province of Mexico, the once prosperous missions had fallen into decay, their large estates having disappeared, together with their Indian dependents.

After this brief review of the missions' history it will be interesting to journey to the Mission San Diego de Alcalá, the first established in Southern California. It may be reached only by a long ride down Mission Valley, on horseback or in a four-wheeled conveyance. It is situated on a knoll from which it commands a view of the surrounding country for miles; and was built, as were all the missions, with the Indian quarters and workshops forming three sides of an open square, the fourth being the mission-building itself.

But little now remains of that which was once a commodious structure; indeed, the façade is the only wall standing entire. To the rear is a shapeless mass of débris, —dislodged beams and broken tiles,—over which the insolent wild mustard flaunts its yellow banners. Near the entrance at the right is a brick vat (adobe), in which was manufactured olive-oil from olives that grew upon the trees planted and tended by the *padres*. A grove of these trees, grown to an immense height and girth, adjoins the mission enclosure; and resting in the shadow of one of these patriarchs we listen to the pathetic story of the martyred priest whose grave, they tell us, lies just beyond the mission wall.

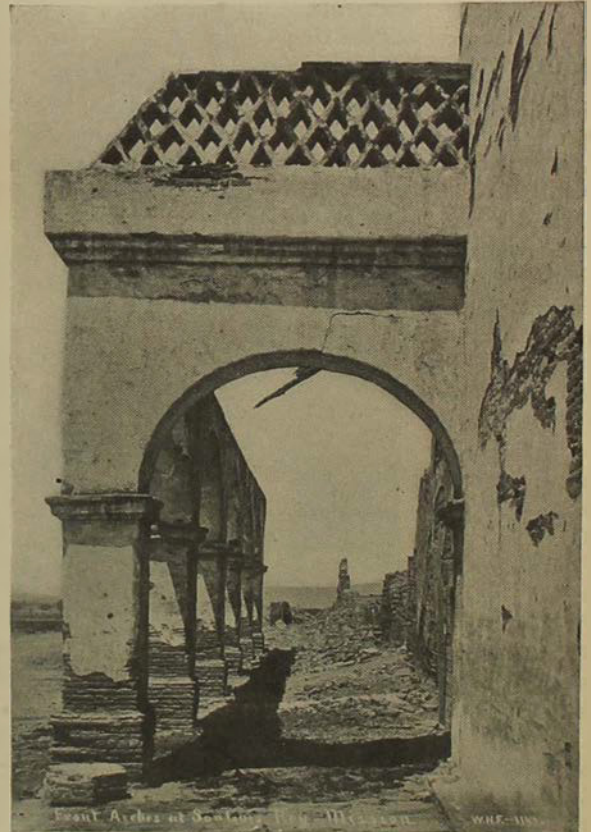
The Indians, unaccustomed to restraint, on one occasion rose in revolt, and storming the walls of the church proper sought the lives of those who had taken refuge within. The soldiers, stationed there for the protection of the mission property, would have shown the frenzied savages no mercy; but the *padres* forbade them to fire upon the Indians except as a last resort. One, the youngest of that faithful band, offered to go forth and speak to them words of peace, and, despite the pleadings of his comrades, rushed out, crucifix in hand. "Love God, my children," he cried, raising the crucifix high above his head. A hundred arrows pierced his breast; and where he fell, there he was buried. It will not be long ere the adobe walls of this mission return to the dust that gave them birth, and there will remain but a weed-grown mound where stood the one-time home of Padre Serra

and his brave band.

The "old road" to San Luis Rey de Francis winds through some of the most picturesque scenery of Southern California. The peaceful valley is walled in on either side by softly rounded hills, above which towers the snow-capped San Jacinto Peak, like a sentinel "on guard." One traverses a forest of wild mustard, breast high, routing the meadow larks by scores from their cov-

erts, and then, just ahead, appear the remains of that which was once an adobe fortification surrounding the mission grounds.

San Luis Rey was founded two years later than the



FRONT ARCHES OF SAN LUIS REY.

San Diego Mission. The building, which originally formed a quadrangle four hundred and fifty feet square, has been given over to bats these many years; they cling by hundreds to the blackened rafters, or slip silently through the shadow-haunted corridors at the approach of a foot-step. The sacred images have disappeared from



the niches in the wall, the plastering has fallen in great patches, and on all sides is evidence of decay; but the faint traces of rich frescoing that still decorate the ceiling, and the remnants of finely wrought carvings about the altar, attest the skill and patience of the neophyte-artisans. The bell-tower has been despoiled of seven of the bells that formerly swung in the arches, but one remaining; although red rust lies thickly upon it, its tone is sweet and clear.

In the days of its prosperity San Luis Rey had a population in and about its walls of over three thousand souls. The Indian men became skilled workers under the tuition of Padre Antonio Peyri, and the women excelled in blanket-weaving and similar domestic arts. In 1829, it is recorded, three thousand bushels of wheat were stored in the granaries, six thousand of barley, and ten thousand of corn. It was the custom,—so runs this record,—both in the *padres'* and Indians' quarters, to throw open the shutters at break of day and all join in a grand morning chorus, after which came the morning prayer, in which the guidance and protection of the saints were invoked. What a contrast to this scene of downfall and desolation! To-day the descendants of these mission Indians are scattered far and wide, and are living in abject poverty. Verily

“The things of old have passed away,  
And history turns another page.”

Although “Italy has its ruins, its Coliseum and its Forum, and Spain has its slumbering Alhambra, whose fountains have long since ceased to flow,” we have San Juan Capistrano! This is perhaps the most beautiful, as it is the noblest, ruin of them all. The careless tourist views it from the car windows as he is whirling over the Beach



BELLS OF SAN GABRIEL.



STONE FOUNTAIN AT SANTA BARBARA, CARVED BY INDIANS.

Route, and considers that he has “seen” Capistrano. But the beauties of the mission are not for him; it is to the loiterer at the shrine, alone, that they are revealed.

The first Capistrano was fifth in the list of missions. It was severely damaged by the earthquake of 1812, and afterward rebuilt. The huge outline, all that remains of the greater part of the mission, serves to show the scale upon which the splendid fane was planned. One of the rooms, formerly used as a store-room, and facing the open court, is now occupied as a chapel; and thither have been carried the sacred images, the baptismal font, the pictures, and whatever of value remains to the church.

The nave of the church edifice, built in the form of a cross, is roofless, and owls haunt the crannied walls. The court, where fountains tinkled and flowers bloomed, is weed grown, and the arches that supported the roof of the porch, extending around the four sides of the court, are broken in places, and in others gone entirely. In a sheltered corner of the court stands a wooden settee, worn to a glossy smoothness with much use; and, sitting there, one can look down the narrow valley, across the sand dunes, to the sea. A Castilian rose has clambered up the wall close at hand, and a butterfly hangs poised above its blooms as if drugged with the sweetness of them. One could fancy that it were “always afternoon” in this peaceful spot. Almost one believes that the flight of time is stayed, and then is heard the faint rumble of the approaching





REMAINS OF THE CHURCH AT SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO.

train, bound city-ward. The picture that memory conjures is full of charm; one has but to close the eyes, and ever after remember Capistrano asleep upon its brown knoll, the domeless tower and pillared arches etched against a sky "blue as the lid of Italy."

Santa Barbara is the best preserved of the missions, therefore the least picturesque. It was the religious capital of the Franciscan order, and is now a monastery, presided over by seven or eight members of the brotherhood. A more delightful location for an establishment of this kind could scarcely be imagined. The building, massive in construction, stands on a little knoll, with its back to the mountains, its face to the sea. Below and around it lies the beautiful Spanish-American city that bears its name.

The Santa Barbara Mission was founded in 1786. It has since been modernized, and the interior of the church does not differ materially from other churches; but outside its walls one finds abundant traces of the ecclesiastical industry of olden days. In a narrow valley just beyond the mission is a cement conduit which brought water from the distant mountain spring. Here, too, is a reservoir, as solid as the day it was built. A large, well-kept garden, where birds sing and roses bloom all through the winterless year, flanks the church; and here may be seen shaven priests in coarse, brown robes, training the tender vines or pruning too luxuriant growths. No woman has ever set foot in this garden, or obtained a nearer view of it than is afforded from the high bell-towers that overlook the grounds.

There were at one time thirteen tribes of Indians scattered about the *mesas* that lie between the mountains and

Of the cloisters, where the holy men did penance for faults avowed, there is not a trace, nor of the garden where the fountains sang and the flowers bloomed.



IMAGES AND BAPTISMAL FONT, SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO.

At the right of the great, iron-clamped door, and outside, is a flight of steep stone stairs that lead to a railed balcony above. Tradition has it that this balcony was built to overlook the bull-ring, for bull-fights were a feature of the *pueblo* when it was the headquarters of the Spanish Governors of California. Be that as it may, for some reason it evidently was a favorite place; the steps are hollowed by the tread of many feet that have passed up and down the steep staircase. and there are none to answer the question that



INNER COURT OF SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO.

naturally arises, "Why was the little balcony built?" The San Gabriel Mission, like the Mission Santa Barbara,

the sea; but they are there no longer. The bells that summoned the humble devotees from toil to devotions now summon the people of another race, for the Indian's day is done.

Only an hour's journey from the bustling city of Los Angeles is the little *pueblo* of San Gabriel,—a mere handful of low, adobe dwellings drowsing in the shadow of the mission walls. One comes rather unexpectedly upon the mission building, half hidden as it is behind a belt of pepper-trees, and only reached by a winding road that trends through vineyards and orange-groves. The walls and arches of the quadrangle are entirely gone.



has been kept in excellent repair. Every hour in the day prayers are said at the altar, and in the quaint old confessional the plea of the penitent is still heard. Surrounding the church domain is a hedge of prickly pear, a species of cacti, that has grown to a height of ten feet in places. It was doubtless planted as a protection from wild animals,

as nothing could pass the thorny barrier with impunity. At the rear of the church lies the Campo Santo (God's Acre), where leaning crosses mark the graves of those who have put off the robes of Order Gray for the white robes of immortality.

J. TORREY CONNOR.

## SOME SINGULAR SIGNS.

**O**BSERVANT travelers are always impressed by the picturesque and diversified signs seen in the narrow streets of Old World cities, where ingenuity in their devising seems oftentimes to have exhausted itself. Signboards are known to have been used by the Greeks and Romans, and they probably date back further than that. A signboard, "The Cat and Battledore" (better, "The Cat Who Plays Tennis"), gives title to one of Balzac's most powerful creations; and two well-known authors dignified the subject a few years ago by compiling a "History of Signboards."

In the good old days nearly every enterprising shop-keeper hung out an emblematic sign; but nowadays in England at least, innkeepers are allowed a monopoly of the practice. The latter class of signs furnishes inexhaustible subjects for entertainment. One innkeeper, an original genius, tired of always seeing that venerable motto, "Fear God and honor the king," had inscribed on his sign of The Bell these lines:

" Let the King  
Live long;  
Dong ding,  
Ding dong."

Many travelers, and even those "to the manner born," have puzzled over the origin of the sign of "The Bag-o'-Nails," or "The Devil and the Bag-o'-Nails," there being nothing in fable or mythology hinting at the fondness of his Plutonian Majesty for a nail diet. The truth seems to be that four or five centuries ago there stood in the Tyburn Road (near Oxford Street, London) an inn called "The Bacchanals," having for its sign the well-known legend of Pan and the Satyrs. In popular parlance the jolly god with hoofs and tail was dubbed Satan, and the word "bacchanals" became twisted into "bag-o'-nails." Even at the present day "The Devil and the Bag-o'-Nails" is a common sign in the Midland Counties of England. "The Silent Woman" is a very favorite sign with English inn-keepers and French *aubergistes*, the supposed rarity of such a creature being symbolized by a headless female figure. The tavern-keepers naturally disliked the scolding wives of their best customers, so they took this mode of satirizing them. The sign of "The Silent Woman" or "The Good Woman" is especially common in Italy.

Many years ago the chief inn at Keswick, England, was named "The Cock," and was much frequented by lake tourists. But the late Dr. Watson, Bishop of Llandaff, coming to reside in the neighborhood, the landlord, out of compliment to him, changed his sign and the name of his house to "The Bishop's Head." Another and a newer inn being opened in the village, its proprietor selected chanticleer for his signboard deity. The landlord of the old inn, finding that the rival house, owing to its name, threatened to deprive him of many of his customers in consequence of the guide-books recommending "The Cock" as the best inn, wrote under the bishop's head at his door, "This is the Original Old Cock," to the great amusement of Dr. Watson.

But we may not leave the subject of inn signboards without a reference to "The Five Alls," of which there is a solitary example in the old town of Marlborough. It has five human figures, with a legend under each, as follows: A monarch in royal robes, motto, "I govern all"; a bishop in canonicals, motto, "I pray for all"; a lawyer in wig and gown, motto, "I plead for all"; a soldier in full trappings, motto, "I fight for all"; and a laborer with his tools, motto, "I pay for all." This must suffice for tavern signs, though the subject is well-nigh inexhaustible.

In the olden time, above alluded to, when every shop-keeper had a sign hanging out before his door, a London dealer in snuff and tobacco on Fish Street Hill carried on a large trade with the sailors from the ships in the Thames. In course of time a person by the name of Farr opened a shop nearly opposite, and hung out his sign inscribed: "The best tobacco by Farr." This took the fancy of the sailor men, who forsook the old shop to buy "the best tobacco by far." The old shop-keeper, seeing that the newcomer's prosperity was largely due to his sign, went him one better and hung out a shingle inscribed: "Far better tobacco than the best tobacco by Farr," which had the desired effect, for the tide of trade again turned in the old channel.

It has been remarked that people do not as a rule see signs unless they look for them or they are unusually striking. As an illustration it is said that when Mr. Laurence Oliphant's story "Irene McGillicuddy" appeared, a young lady living on Charles Street, Boston, remarked upon the strangeness of the name McGillicuddy, saying that of course it was a made-up name, no one was ever called by anything so absurd. She could hardly be persuaded that on her own street one of the most conspicuous signs, and one which she had passed almost every day of her life, bore that name in letters almost a foot high.

Of unwittingly ludicrous or humorous signs there are plenty. A tinsmith near Exeter, England, has a sign which reads, "Quart measures of all shapes and sizes sold here." At a market-town in Rutlandshire the following placard was affixed to the shutters of a watchmaker who had decamped, leaving his creditors mourning: "Wound up and the mainspring broke." Equally as apposite was one in Thomaston, Ga. On one of the principal streets the same room was occupied by a physician and a shoemaker, the disciple of Galen in front, while he of St. Crispin's trade worked in the rear. Over the door hung the sign, "We repair both sole and body." On the windows of a London coffee-room there appeared the notice: "This coffee-room removed upstairs till repaired." The proprietor of the place was not an Irishman, though the framer of the notice over the entrance to a French burying-ground, "Only the dead who live in this parish are buried here," must have been. One may see in the windows of a confectioner in Fourth Avenue, New York, "Pies Open All Night." A Bowery placard reads, "Home-Made Dining Rooms, Family



Oysters"; while a West Broadway *restaurateur* sells "Home made Pies, Pastry, and Oysters," and still another caterer, on East Broadway, retails "Fresh Salt Oysters and Larger Beer." "Boots Polished Inside" is a frequent sign in New York, and on Atlantic Avenue, Brooklyn, there is a "Stationary Library"; the latter is really a circulating library, and the word "Stationary" adorns one window, and "Library" the other. Philadelphia has a sign reading "Ho Made Pies!" and a barber shop in the same city bears this inscription on its window, "G. Washington Smith, tonsorial abattoir."

Here are a few bizarre London signs: "Sick Dogs Medically Attended by the Day, Week, or Month"; "Birds to board"; "Ladies' or Gentlemen's feet and hands professionally treated by the job or season"; "Round-shouldered persons made straight"; "Babies or children hired or exchanged"; "False noses as good as new and warranted to fit"; "Black eyes painted very neatly." It is safe to say that such signs as the foregoing illustrate anew the trite saying that one half the world does not dream how the other half lives.

There were once—and may be yet—two sausage-dealers in Paris whose shops stood side by side. One of them painted on his glass window, over a pyramid of sausages, "Thirty centimes a pound,—to pay more is to be robbed." His rival arranged his in the form of an obelisk and retorted, "Forty centimes a pound,—to pay less is to be poisoned." Mr. Isaac Came, a rich shoemaker of Liverpool, who bequeathed his property to public charities, opened his first shop opposite the house where he had been a servant, and put up a sign which read: "I. Came, from over the way." Somewhat in this vein was the sign of a grocer named Danger, near Bambridge, who having been driven out of his house after an unsuccessful attempt to renew a lease, built another, and inscribed on it, "Danger,—from over the way." His rival and successor at the old stand retorted by hoisting a signboard which read, "There is no Danger here now."

The following announcement was extensively placarded on enormous posters in the town of Lisburn, County Antrim, Ireland, where a series of Lenten lectures was being given in one of the Protestant churches: "Sunday, April 3, the Reverend Canon —. Descended into Hell. You are all affectionately invited." Whether this was accident or design, the result was a packed assembly for that occasion.

The sign cutter or the painter is sometimes justly charged with marring an otherwise perfect sign. Two examples must suffice. Over in the West Division of Chicago a man named Theodore Hansen hired a painter to get him up a sign. "Dere's a Hansen across de street," he explained. "Dey all call him 'Old Hansen,' und me peoples calls 'de oder Hansen.' Now do de sign right," and he wrote out the name, Theodor Hansen. The painter was true to his instructions, and in due time the sign was brought home and put up, reading "The Oder

Hansen." Even tombstone inscriptions are not free from errors of this sort. A country sculptor was ordered to engrave on a tombstone the words, "A virtuous woman is a crown unto her husband." But being cramped for room he chiseled out, "A virtuous woman is 5s. to her husband."

An English provincial paper, in a "reading notice" of a lecture given by a traveling phrenologist, said, "Behind the platform is a large gallery of life-size portraits twelve feet high," which is well matched by the odd handbill put forth at Exeter calling for "A few healthy members to complete a sick society;" while a swimming-school in Frankfort-on-the-Main announces in English, "Swimming instructions given by a teacher of both sexes."

"English as she is spoke" runs riot in Continental inscriptions in the supposed vernacular of the English. In the railway carriages running between Calais and Paris there used to be a peculiar device for summoning the guard or conductor. Behind a small glass window in the wall of each compartment dangled a ring fastened at the end of a cord. Below was a sign, in various languages, containing directions to travelers, of which the following is the one in English: "Should at any time the presence of the guard be deemed necessary, the passenger will please break the glass, pull the cord, and agitate his arms out the right-hand window, according as the train is going."

Visitors to Vesuvius are cautioned against extortionate guides in the following choice production:

VESUVIUS WIRE RAILWAY.  
NOTICE.

The Vesuvius guides acknowledge by the company are only those who have a number of recognition at the bonnet and an inscription, *Guida del Vesuvia*. Travelers are earnestly requested to remember that number of recognition to the guide who escort them, and to declare it if they have any complaint to do; differently the company will be in the impossibility to pursue such reclamation.

THE DIRECTION.

The roof of the *Albergo alla Luna*, in Venice, commands an "extent view of the Terrace." In the chief hotel at Chamouni, those who desire to have their alpenstocks carved, to commemorate their climbing feats, are advised that, for a trifling sum, "the porter he cut the stik."

But, for mingled fun and satire, commend us to the following, which long ornamented the promenade at Dieppe, the famous French watering-place. There a special corps of police is entrusted with the duty of patrolling the beach during bathing hours, on the watch for persons who get into danger. For their guidance the following was prepared: "The bathing police are requested, when a lady is in danger of drowning, to seize her by the dress, and not by the hair, which oftentimes remains in the grasp!"

VIVIAN VINCENT.

### THE WOMAN-HEART.

SHE said, her high soul in her lifted gaze:  
"Be happy, dear! May all sweet blessings crown  
Your life, apart from mine. Oh! may she prove  
Whom you have chosen, worthy your heart's love,  
Faithful and tender, as I would have been.  
Whether you may remember or forget  
The brief, sweet hour of joy we two have known,  
Be happy! That is all my spirit prays."

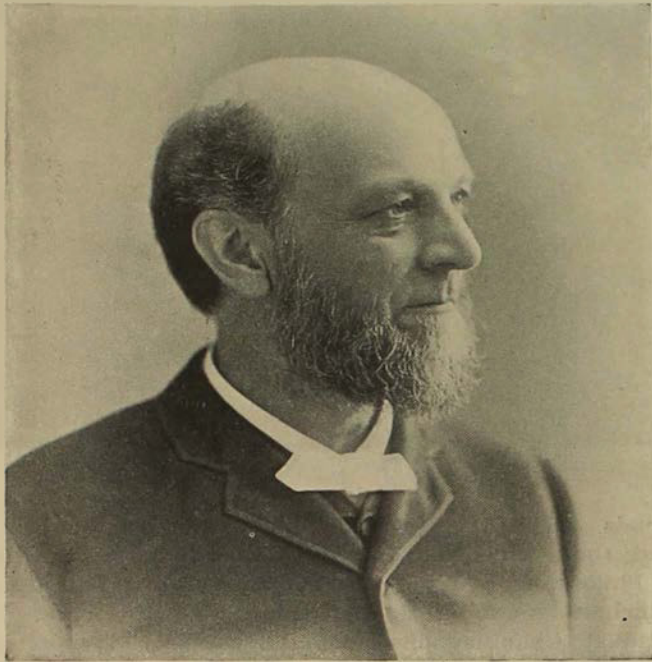
But when (the changing years had rolled between)  
They met once more, and she beheld his face,  
Care-lined and sad, as from heart-wearing pain,  
And saw within his eyes deep, mute regret,  
Love, and wild longing for love's dear lost grace,  
"Has he, too, suffered through the lonely days?"—  
Smiling, the tears between, she bowed her head,—  
" (Forgive me, God!) Oh, I am glad!" she said.

MADLINE S. BRIDGES.



## GREATER CHAUTAUQUA.

**T**WENTY-ONE years ago, when the summer school was little known in this country, a broad-minded Methodist minister, whose name is now written Bishop John H. Vincent, Chancellor of Chautauqua, evolved, with careful thought, a very complete plan for a great Summer Bible School at Fairpoint, now Chautau-



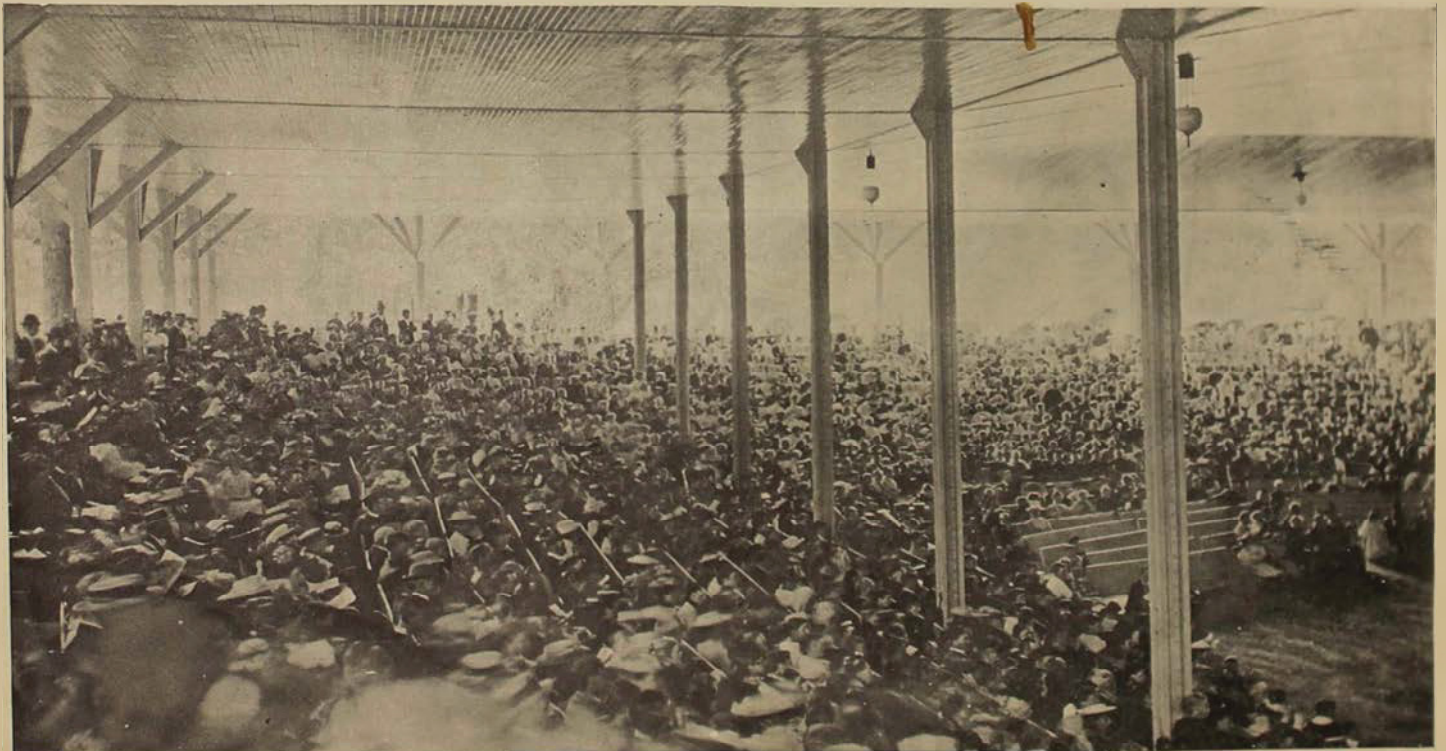
BISHOP JOHN H. VINCENT, THE FOUNDER OF CHAUTAUQUA.

qua, on Chautauqua Lake. A normal course for Bible teachers was a prominent part of the plan, and the idea swept like wild-fire through the ranks of teachers and Bible students. Over twenty-five hundred came up to the fortnight's study in the great grove. From this beginning have grown the great Summer Assembly, the Col-

legiate Department, and the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Course, which has enlisted over two hundred and fifty thousand readers.

Probably the first intention of the author of the Chautauqua plan fell far short of the present evolution. It was thought that the less fortunate, to whom the higher collegiate education had not been possible in youth, would be glad to avail themselves of an opportunity for a four years' course of selected reading in history, literature, science, and art, reading an hour a day during nine months of the year. And this was the beginning of the fruitful plan. Large numbers of the class for whom the study course was intended are every year enrolled in the ranks of Chautauquans; but each year, also, an increasing number of readers is gathered from among those whose college education, acquired fifty, forty, thirty, or even ten years ago, has been forgotten to an extent, and the Chautauqua course offers precisely the opportunity needed for refreshing the memory and keeping abreast with the newest thought and discovery. The C. L. S. C. does not pretend to exhaust the subjects studied, and in proposing a schedule which may be accomplished by the reader of untrained powers it fixes no limit to the work that may be undertaken by the disciplined mind of the collegian or professional man. Advanced courses are offered, and special "seals" granted in recognition of such reading, in addition to the certificate or diploma issued to the graduate of the regular course at the end of four years' study.

The exterior of the summer home by the lake is most inviting. Picture to yourself a broad, elevated lake extending eighteen miles, and, with the exception of Lake Tahoe, the largest body of fresh water in this country at such a height. Snugly settled away among the beeches of the northern shore is a pretty little summer city with streets and walks, and with ample recreation grounds at its outer edges. Over five hundred cottages are situated on its many streets and avenues, some as plain as a



THE AMPHITHEATRE.





OUTDOOR SKETCHING CLASS, ART SCHOOL.

cottage can well be, and others picturesque and charming, with broad porches, Mexican hammocks, and all the artistic accessories of a comfortable summer home elsewhere.

There is a postoffice down the avenue, and several stores group around it. The public buildings are every year increased in number and convenience, for by a law of the charter all surplus money is devoted to the improvement of the grounds and their better adaptability to the needs of Chautauquans. Two buildings stand out prominently on the grounds. One of these is the great amphitheatre, now called the New Amphitheatre, because it replaces a less convenient building of that name. Hither flock the morning, afternoon, and evening audiences of the Assembly, in July and August, to hear lectures, both illustrated and not, and concerts, recitals, and readings. The building which stands next to the amphitheatre in the

minds and hearts of all true Chautauquans is scarcely a hall, though it is called the Hall in the Grove, or the Hall of Philosophy, and the cluster of fine trees in the midst of which it is situated is known as St. Paul's Grove. To graduate Chautauquans the Hall in the Grove is especially dear, for to this classic spot, under the arch of Golden Gate, pass the senior class on recognition, or commencement, day; from it they go to receive their diplomas.

Students of the Collegiate Department find greatest attraction in the cluster of buildings designed for their use, at a short distance from the centres of life and of trade. The kindergarten schools and teachers are in handsome Kellogg Hall. Five denominations have houses of their own, where one registers and finds his own denominational papers on file, and meets his friends. The latest addition to the group of public buildings is an artistic



WOMEN'S FENCING CLUB.





WOMEN'S FENCING LESSON.

memorial hall, presented to Chautauqua by the son and daughter of a lover of the place, Mr. Orrin Trall Higgins, of Olean, New York.

Back from the grounds is the wide baseball field, with space for all the big and little amateurs who wish to practice the national game. For the smaller children there are convenient sand-heaps under sheltering canopies. Six tennis-courts are open to the use of players. A bicycle rink is at hand, with an instructor, and one may also have lessons in football, swimming, rowing, fencing, tennis, and scientific gymnastics, in the Department of

Athletics and Outdoor Sports; or he may amuse himself in his own untutored way.

If one remembers that the Greater Chautauqua is to be contemplated in sections, he will readily understand the plan of the summer university. Of the great army of students, reaching well up toward a thousand, one large division comes to study and recite in the Collegiate Department. The second great division represents the vast army of over two hundred thousand readers of the C. L. S. C., and includes graduates, students, seniors, and undergraduates, together with many who are simply



MEMBERS OF THE GYMNASIUM ASSOCIATION—CHAMPION FENCING BOUT.





BOYS' GYMNASIUM CLUB—OUTDOOR PRACTICE.



BOYS' CLUB—OUTDOOR EXERCISE.



GIRLS' ROWING CLUB.



interested in their aims, but have not joined the classes; and these have come, not to pursue the studies of the course,—that is done at home,—but to attend the scores of lectures, concerts, and recitals given by the second grand division of the Chautauqua system, the Assembly Department

a great variety of physical training is offered. The School of Sacred Literature has courses in Hebrew history and Old Testament Hebrew and New Testament Greek, with other valuable studies.

As might be expected, there is a great variety of clubs accessory to these numerous organizations. Thought is

stirring in all lines, and conferences, formal and informal, on the many subjects of national or local interest are found instructive and helpful.

One of the most important and interesting of all the clubs is the Boys' Club, now in the fourth year of its existence. The list of members often reaches one hundred and fifty, and includes boys of all ages between eight and sixteen years.



GIRLS' ROWING CLUB—TAKING IN THEIR BOAT.

The general executive arrangements of both departments are admirable. To defray the expenses of the little summer town, including the great force of lecturers and musicians necessary, a citizen's tax is levied on all who enter the grounds. This tax is now five dollars for the season, forty cents for a single day, and proportionally arranged for the week or month. The tax is collected at the gate down by the pier, immediately on landing, and when it has been paid the receipt entitles the holder to attend all exercises on the grounds during his stay, except the classes of the Collegiate Department. For these a fee is charged, varying from five to fifteen dollars for the course of six weeks. No contribution-box is passed during the entire season, not even at a missionary concert.

Six schools are grouped under the general name of the Collegiate Department: the Schools of Arts and Sciences, of Sacred Literature, of Pedagogy (known also as the Teachers' Retreat), of Music, Physical Education, and the School of Expression. In the list of instructors, which varies from year to year, are found professors from Johns Hopkins, Yale, Boston, Clark, Chicago, and other universities. There are courses in literature, the languages are taught, instruction is given in organ and piano music, and

The particular home of the club, which is known everywhere by its initials as the "C. B. C.," is in a large tent down by the lake, at a short distance from the amphitheatre and other centres of scholastic interest, but

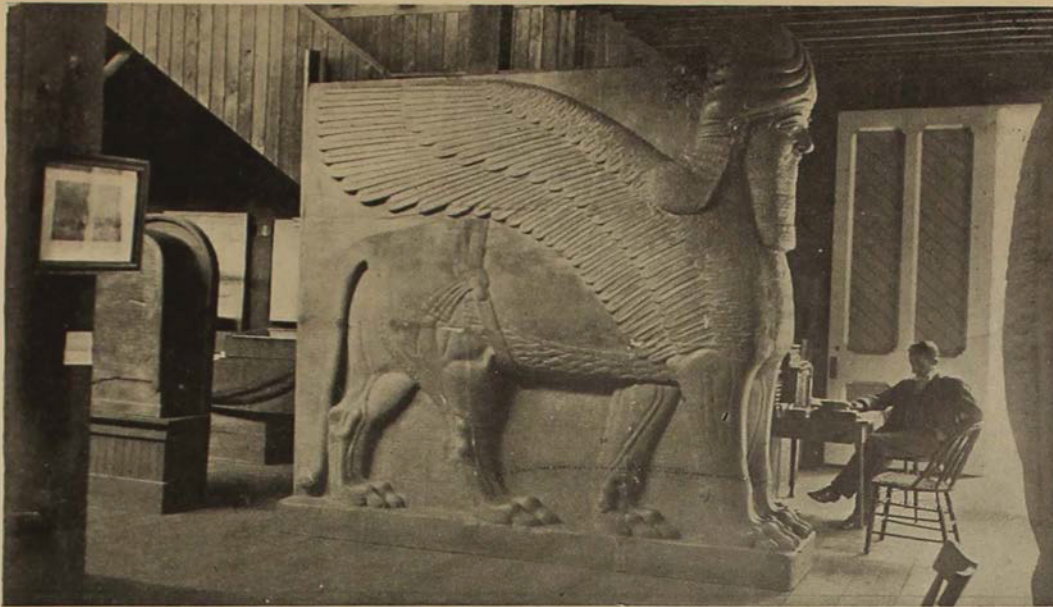


BOYS' CLUB—STARTING OUT ON AN ALL-NIGHT CAMPING EXPEDITION.

very near to the gymnasium, the ball grounds, and the woods.

The main object of the Boys' Club is to furnish rational, healthful recreation, combined with enough instruction to prevent dullness, for boys whose parents come to Chautauqua for study or recreation. Many parents come





INTERIOR OF THE MUSEUM.

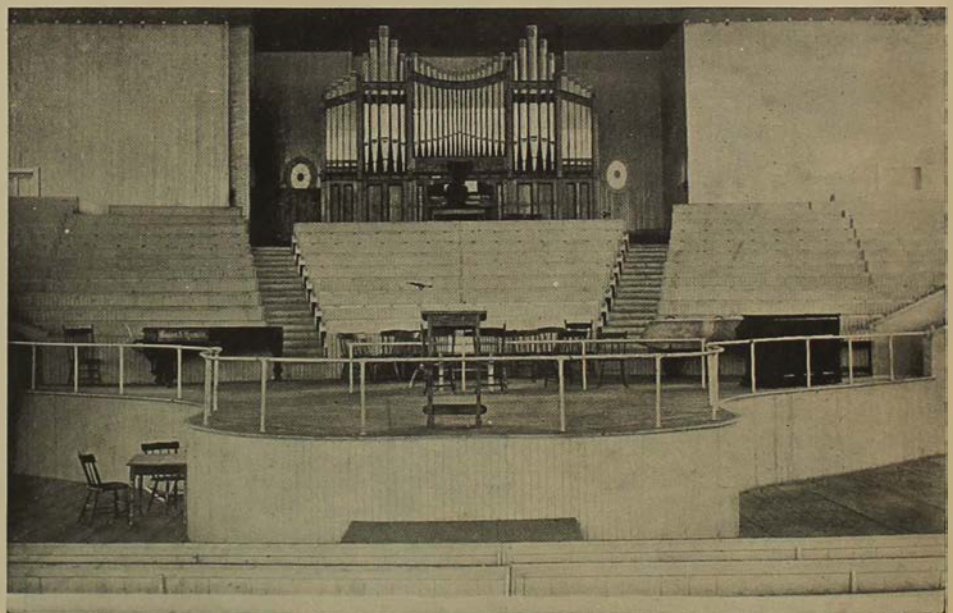
hundreds of miles in order to take advantage of the club, and consider it the most valuable educational feature of the little summer city. Athletics occupy a prominent place, indeed, one might almost say *the* prominent place in the club schedule; but with them are mingled in pleasant variety some study of political affairs, science, music, religion, hygiene, and almost every other good thing.

The directors of the club, Dr. H. G. Anderson, in charge of physical culture at Yale College, and Mr. Babbitt, of Haverford College, with two or more assistants, engage to look after the boys two hours every day, but in point of fact this time is very considerably extended. The morning session in the tent begins at ten o'clock. The tent belongs exclusively to the boys, and its furniture consists chiefly of chairs and a small cabinet organ. A music lesson, a talk from some distinguished guest of the Assembly, a discussion on national or foreign affairs, a symposium on the best ways of gaining strength and of keeping healthy, or a concert by vocal or instrumental soloists may be included in the programme of the morning. The lake is so close to the tent that you may hear the little waves gently lapping on the beach. Pretty soon the boys are out, some for a swimming lesson given by the instructor, who is responsible for the safety of every boy he takes into the water, and he takes none unless allowed by parent or guardian; some go to the gymnasium, which is supplied with the best apparatus for all sorts of physical exercises; others take a lesson from a Yale man in baseball or football; and some start for a walk in the woods with an instructor who carries an interesting book along, and by and by will stop under a shady tree and read to the boys. On a fine day the gymnastic practice may be given out-of-doors. The chance to camp out on Prendergast Point is given to every boy twice in the season, and is considered a very great pleasure. The party of boys and one of the instructors take the naphtha launch "Ned" (their exclusive property) down to the Point, two miles away, carrying uncooked provisions, and spend a day and a night in the woods together.

The Outlook Club for young ladies and a women's and a girls' club are supplemented by a Women's Gymnasium Association, in which fencing and all the modern gymnastic studies are taught. The Girls' Rowing Club is proud of its boat-house and its shell, and engages in lively competitions. Various art-clubs have been formed in recent years, and members of them may be found almost anywhere on the Chautauqua grounds, sketching the beauties of lake and woods. A teachers' club and a ministers' club have obvious constituents. The kindergarten has a small sewing-club for children.

Many music-lovers consider the choral class a sufficient excuse for coming to Chautauqua.

This chorus numbers about five hundred members in the month of August, and has been for several years under the care of Dr. H. R. Palmer, of New York. Two hours of careful practice in the best music are offered—one in the morning, and one in the late afternoon—entirely without charge. It is expected, however, that members will attend regularly at the daily rehearsal, and will take part in the two public concerts each week; also sing in the choir at Sunday-morning service. Every year some prominent oratorio is studied, and members are only too glad to attend concerts and rehearsals faithfully. Practice in sight-read-



SPEAKER'S STAND, CHOIR GALLERY, AND ORGAN LOFT IN THE AMPHITHEATRE.

ing is also offered, without charge, for four hours a week, by Professor Leason, of New York. Piano, violin, mandolin, and guitar music are taught in special classes, and all the sweet air of the grove vibrates with musical sounds from studio or amphitheatre throughout the day. At ten o'clock in the evening the chimes down at the pier-house ring out a half-dozen pleasant airs over the lake, the last music of the day at Chautauqua.

One may live as one pleases in this unique summer community. There is but one hotel on the grounds, to



which distinguished guests are usually taken, and where many people pass a pleasant summer. But the best and jolliest of Chautauqua life is not seen at the hotel. Down on the lake front and in avenues leading away from it are scores of pretty cottages where board or furnished rooms may be had, or a cottage rented for the season. Some of them are the old, roughly built cottages of the early days, when the city was little more than a camping-ground, and the Assembly lasted ten days or a week; but many are modern in style and have modern improvements.

So general is the custom of renting furnished rooms that the new-comer need not feel uneasy if he enters Chautauqua with no special arrangement for lodgings. Leaving his luggage at the pier-house, he may walk up and down the avenues until he finds a location and a cottage which suits him,

and then inquire within. If no room is to be had in the first house, he may call almost anywhere and not go amiss of a house where rooms are rented. Distances between places are short, and all tastes may be suited in the matter of location and rooms. During the last week of the Assembly, when the commencement exercises of the C. L. S. C. graduating classes are impending, it is difficult to find rooms unless they have been secured in advance.

One interesting peculiarity of life at Chautauqua is the trustful character of the inhabitants. Few householders trouble themselves to lock their doors by night or by day, and, in spite of this lack of care, one seldom hears of a theft. The reason of this is not far to seek: no liquors

are sold on the ground. Dancing and card-playing are prohibited. Across the lake, at the great Point Hotel, one may indulge his taste for these amusements; but there is positively no inducement for the gay or the dissolute to take residence at Chautauqua. All persons must purchase tickets to the grounds immediately on landing, and a suspicious character would be very quickly noted by the police or officers in charge. No one is allowed to enter or leave the grounds on Sunday, hence

great excursions of pleasure-seekers are unknown on that day. These restrictions insure the peace and safety of the residents, and remove many annoying causes for anxiety found in other places. No one can enter or leave the grounds at any time without a ticket. Children are safe to stray from one end of the town to the other.

To what Chautauqua

will grow it is impossible to say. In the year 1878 the first circle of readers was formed, and its numbers have been doubled again and again until now they reach nearly a quarter of a million. Not all these are Americans. The system has commended itself abroad, and hundreds of English-speaking people are following the courses of systematic reading. Forty minutes or an hour a day is easily obtained, even by a busy man or woman, when the inclination to study is strong. Hundreds who have graduated still take the courses year by year, and other hundreds have received such mental stimulus that they follow on in courses marked out by their own awakened needs and tastes.

HELEN MARSHALL NORTH.



CHIMES, TEN P.M. NIGHTLY.

## THE AUGUST RAIN.

IN an open mist enfolded  
 Stood the green and stately corn,  
 And the hills were veiled in vapor  
 At the breaking of the morn,  
 Till a gray cloud, slowly spreading,  
 Blurred the blue above the vane,  
 And it dropped in threads of silver  
 From its heart,—the August rain.

All day long it poured and pattered  
 On the ivy at the eaves,  
 And the thrushes in the orchard  
 Hid beneath the thickest leaves;  
 But at eve across the meadows  
 Flushed the yellow sun again,  
 And a bow of brilliant promise  
 Arched above the August rain.

Lo! the wealth of ancient princes  
 Sparkled forth on every side:  
 Pearls were in the lily's bosom,  
 Rubies crowned the rose's pride.  
 And a thousand liquid diamonds  
 Sparkled on the golden grain;  
 For it stole an angel's jewels  
 As it came,—the August rain!

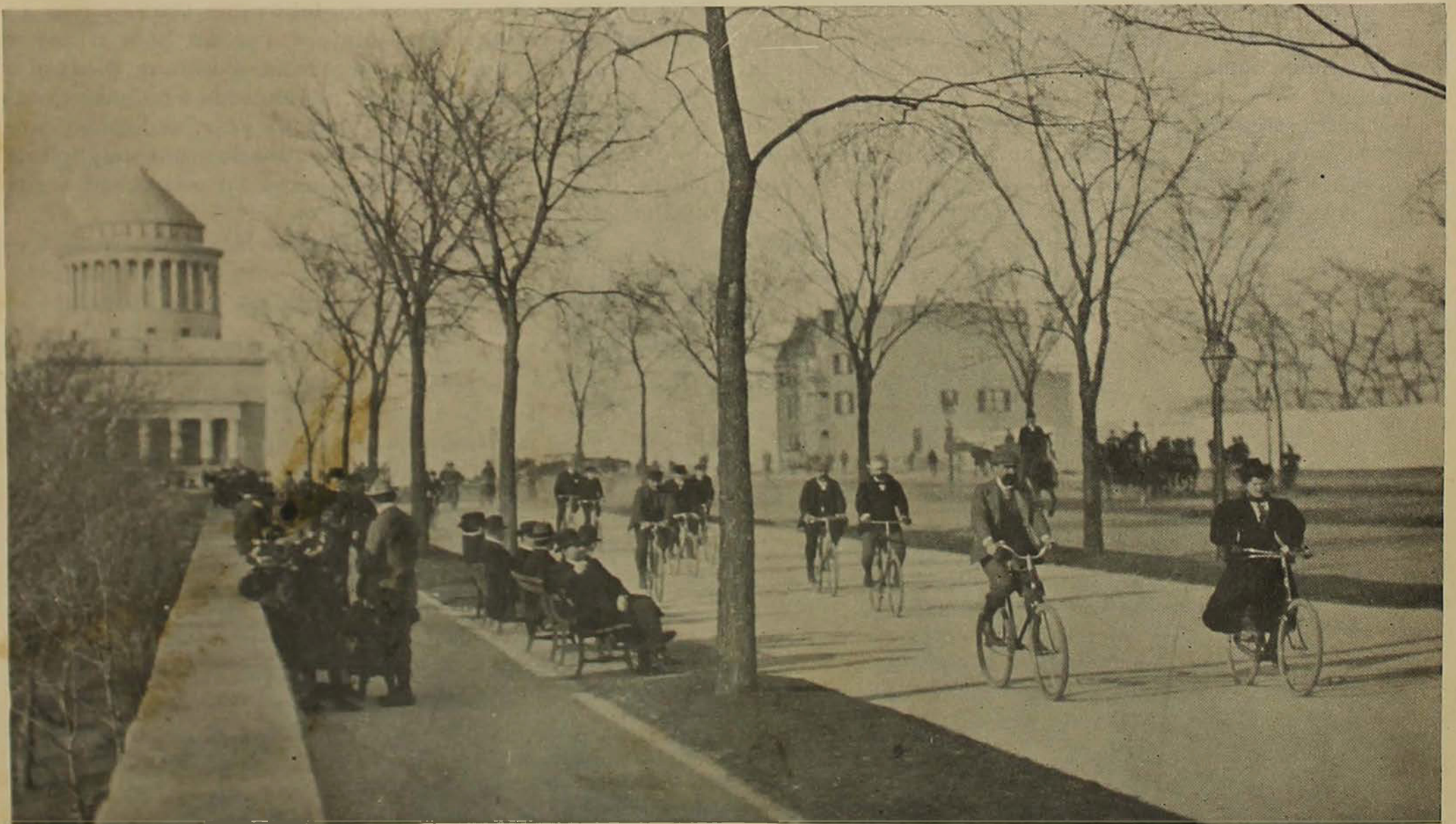
MINNA IRVING.



BICYCLING IN GREATER NEW YORK.



ENTRANCE TO PROSPECT PARK IN BROOKLYN.



ON RIVERSIDE DRIVE BICYCLE-PATH, NEAR THE GRANT MONUMENT.



*BICYCLING IN GREATER NEW YORK*





## LANDMARKS OF NEW YORK STREETS.

ism of the of the curiosity that marks happy doghood, adds a pa-  
at god thetic note.

It must not be supposed, however, that the spectre of

vation is a necessary accompaniment of the feeble

the street musician, for though the majority are

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BALLOONS FOR THE CHILDREN.

broken by an imperfection of speech (caused by a bullet wound, he said), assured me that it was as much as he could do to keep body and soul together these hard times. He grew indignant when questioned about his tenements, and presently moved off, accompanied by his "shakes."

I met him in a side street on his way home, two hours later, and was surprised to note the change in his demeanor. The palsy had disappeared entirely and the bent form had grown erect and jaunty. He was jingling the coin in his trousers' pocket with one hand and humming a tune of the fatherland. He had relinquished the rôle of beggar for the nonce, for the more congenial one of a bloated tenement-house owner.

This successful old fraud's favorite stamping-ground is the north side of Fourteenth Street, in front of the old Van Buren place, that sole reminder of what was once the most aristocratic residential quarter of New York, — in whose grounds a Jersey cow grazes in a million-dollar pasture.

If a stranger in New York should ask me to point out the most interesting thoroughfare in the city, I would not hesitate a moment in selecting Fourteenth Street, between Sixth Avenue and Broadway. Even the last-named highway, world-famed as it is, lacks the essentials which combine to make Fourteenth Street a centre of retail trade, a home of art, literature, and song, a fountain-head of modern thought and enterprise, a latter-day Athens and Phœnicia in one!

Perhaps the reader may imagine that I am jesting; but let him ask himself where else on the world's surface may be found within so limited a space as complete a picture of human industry in all its branches, as perfect

a mirror of the progress of the nineteenth century? Here everything is up to date, from the latest bicycle costume, at something - and - ninety - seven cents at Racy's big emporium, to the beautiful crayon, "including frame," manufactured by the dozen in the various "art studios" along the block. These studios, I imagine, are not any the less the pride and hope of American art for being conducted by Russian Hebrews who turn out about five hundred portraits a day, averaging three dollars apiece, and thus exemplify afresh the advantages of system and method, whether applied to the field of industry or of art.

The sidewalks, however, are really the most interesting part of Fourteenth Street, with their ceaseless procession of shoppers, peddlers, fakirs, flower-venders, and mendicant musicians. Doubtless, all who have ever sauntered along this thoroughfare will recognize the scene

in which the flower-sellers surround a helpless woman in the act of bombarding her with their obtrusive offers. These pests would seem to be proof against police interference, for, though occasionally arrested and fined, it has, so far, been found impossible to suppress them.

The man with the little black dog is another familiar figure to New York street-goers. He haunts the shopping districts on Sixth Avenue in the day-time, extracting



THE OLD SAILOR.





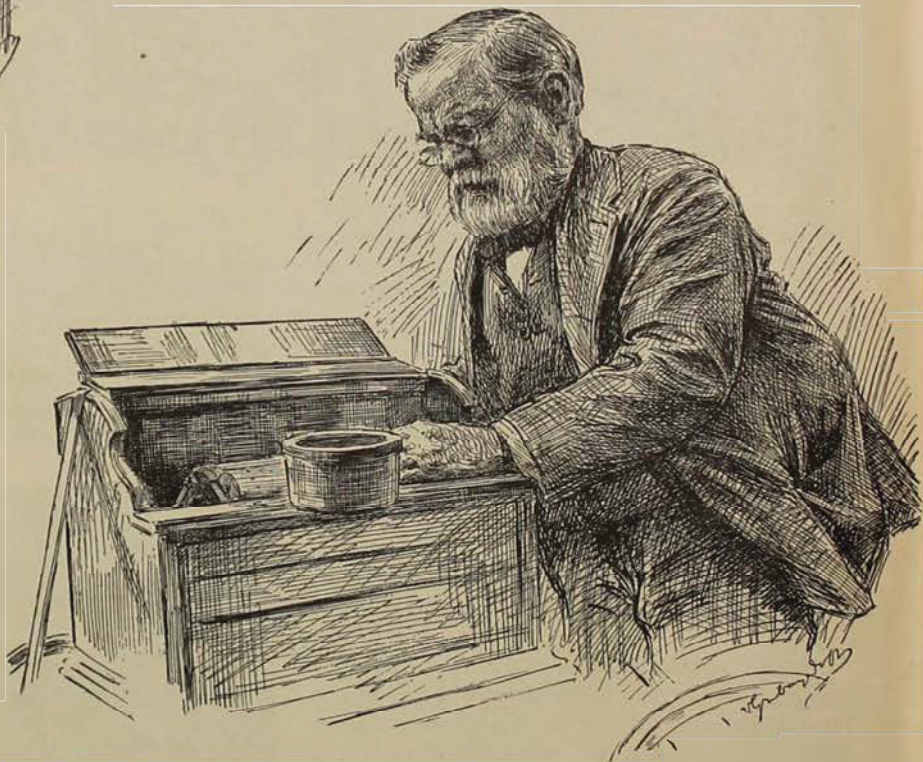
THE MAN WITH A BELLOWS ATTACHMENT.

hideous discords from an ancient accordion, while his evenings are passed on the gentle slopes of the Hudson, near Hoboken, where, I am told on good authority, he owns a row of frame houses that bring in a handsome yearly rental. The dog usually hangs on his master's shoulder and looks bored, as he is even denied the distraction of holding a tin can in his mouth and helping to conduct business, as other well-regulated dogs of blind men do. He evidently feels that he is distinctly "not in it."

A few paces beyond sits an antiquated type of womanhood, probably the most pathetic of all the side-walk musicians of the great metropolis. She slowly turns the handle of a

small æolian and gazes blankly into space, hardly acknowledging with so much as a nod the alms that occasionally drop into her basket. Her career of musical mendicancy, it seems, commenced before the Civil War, and it bade fair at one time to attain the same degree of success as Mr. Müller's; but a long-lost son appeared upon the scene and remained just long enough to swallow up all her savings, after which he disappeared again forever. She has been battling earnestly to retrieve her fortune ever since, but the tenement-house or the row of buildings is still a good way off in the future, and she, poor thing! is very old. All of which proves, I suppose, that the goddess of fortune is just as fickle on Sixth Avenue as she is on Wall Street.

Let us turn from this sombre picture to contemplate the genial countenances of our two Italian friends, "Santa Claus Jo," as the boys on Fourteenth Street call him, and Antonio Bove. The former would be invaluable to a painter of Italian scenes, especially such as deal with the exciting episodes of Sicilian bucolic life. He looks as if he might have stepped out of a picture representing the plundering of the diligence or the murder of the captive



THE POLYGLOT WARBLER OF FOURTEENTH STREET.

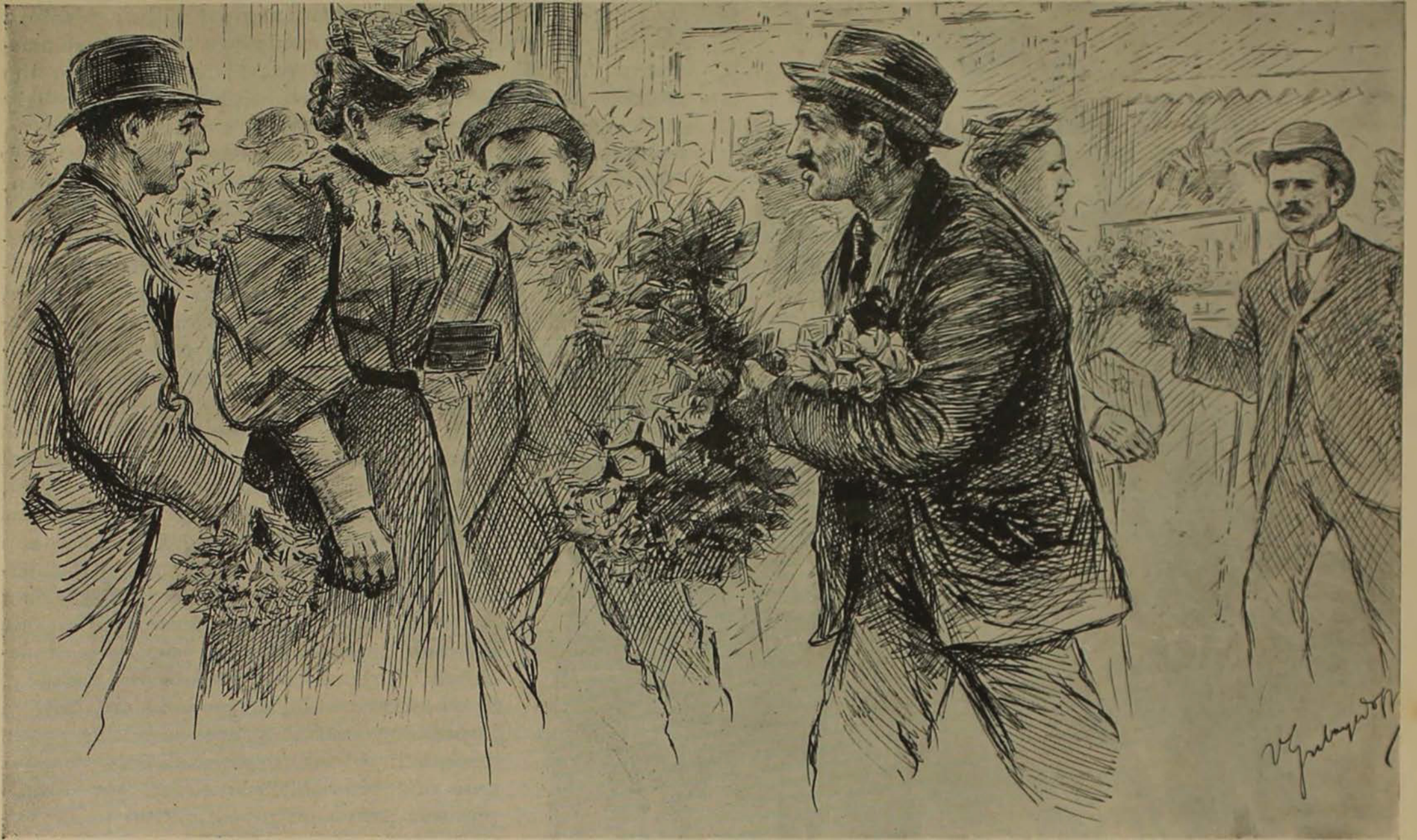
tourists. His real name is Giuseppe, and he hails from Calabria. A silver coin will open the flood-gates of his eloquence, but there is little reliance to be placed on what he says, since he told me almost in the same breath that he had participated in the landing of Garibaldi at Marsala and in the first battle of Bull Run, events that occurred about the same time four thousand miles apart.

Bove, with the face of an old French curé, is a more sympathetic figure, and thanks to this he has been able to amass considerable wealth. He is known as the patriarch of the New York organ-grinding fraternity, having no less than seven children, nine grandchildren, and four great-grandchildren numbered among the inhabitants of the United States. One of his sons is the Italian interpreter of one of the New York police courts, and two grandsons are typesetters on an English paper. Nevertheless, the old man, with his twenty-five years' stay in this country, barely speaks a dozen words of English.

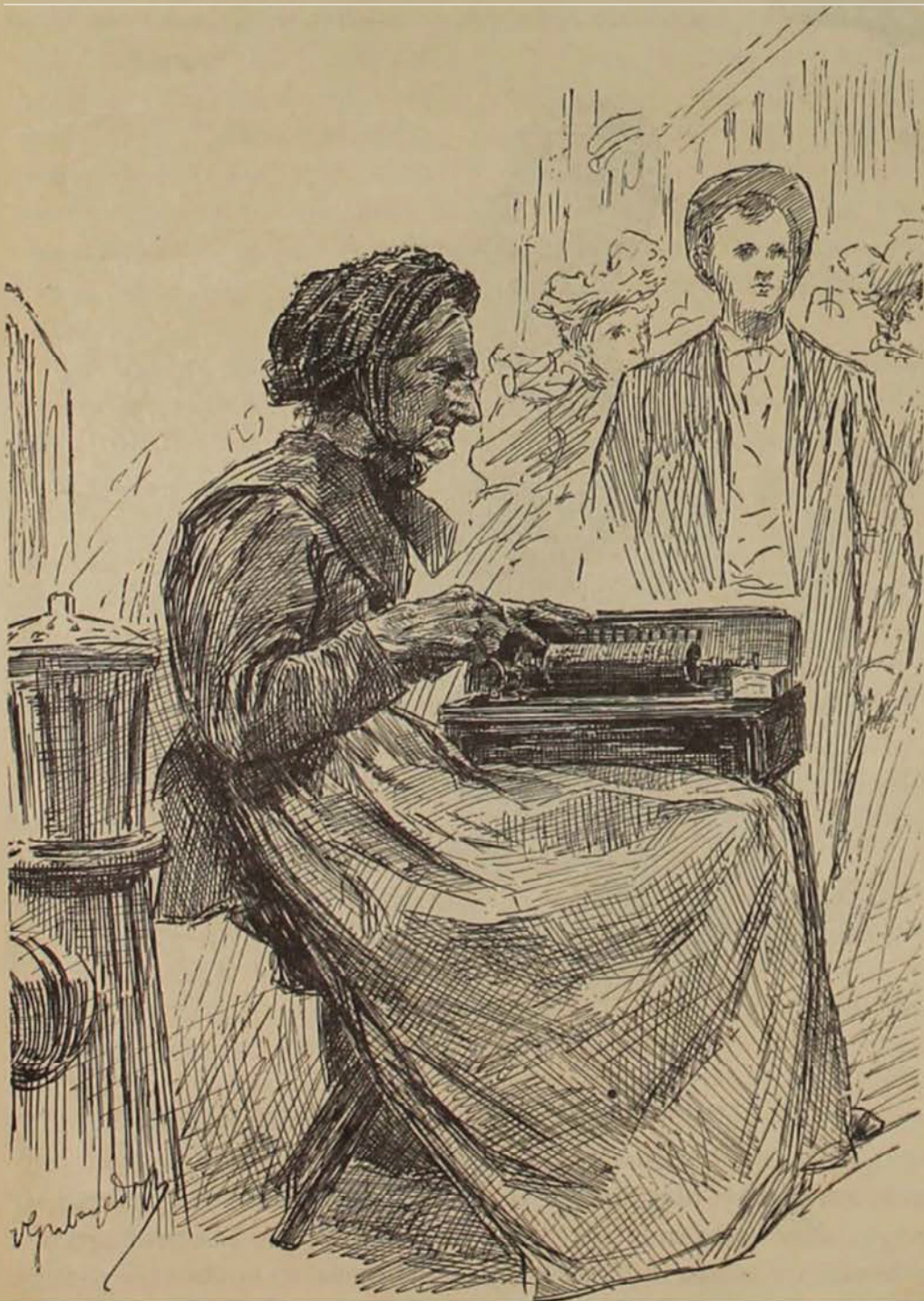


"SPIDER JOHN," THE PHOTOGRAPH-VENDER.





CHEAP FLOWERS FOR SALE BY IMPORTUNATE VENDERS.

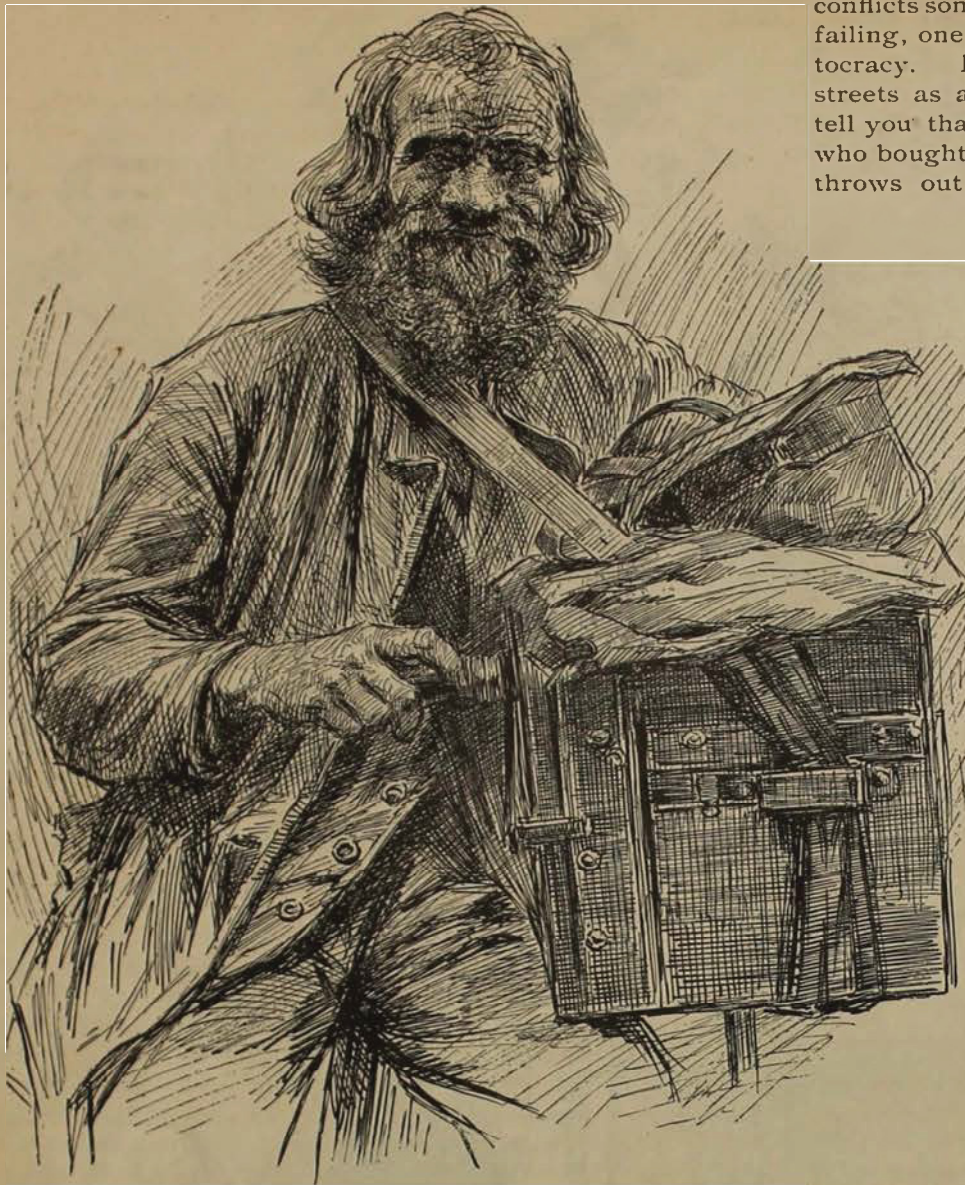


"HOME, SWEET HOME."



"THE ARKANSAW TRAVELER."





"SANTA CLAUS JO."

Here is another interesting character,—the little, spectacled, hump-backed, German singing organ-grinder, who alternates the "Marseillaise" in French with "Die Wacht am Rhein" in German, and then winds up with the "Star Spangled Banner" in English. The day I made his picture "his Dutch was up," to use a vulgarism, because a passer-by had stopped to bet him a quarter of a dollar that he couldn't sing the "Marseillaise" in German or "Die Wacht am Rhein" in French, so I haven't caught his most pleasant expression in the picture. The little chap is regarded with awe by some of his competitors, who credit him with the possession of untold wealth in the shape of savings in the bank and real estate, although our other friend, Müller, is looked upon as a good second.

Two other musicians are also well known to the public of the shopping district of New York. The old man with the queer bellows attachment to his piano is a versatile follower of Euterpe. He not only plays his home-made instrument, but extracts sounds from a clarinet, a concertina, and a flute, alternating them according to the weather. The piano, being the toughest machine, is usually produced on stormy days, the clarinet in clear weather, and the concertina during the summer heat, as it requires less physical exertion to operate.

The fiddler herewith pictured is an Englishman who has seen better days, though not quite as good ones as he would have us believe. His claim to lordly ancestral halls

conflicts somewhat with his entire neglect of the aspirate, a failing, one must admit, not peculiar to the English aristocracy. His fiddle probably excels any other on the streets as an instrument of torture, but he will gravely tell you that he inherited it from a music-loving uncle, who bought it in Cremona fifty years ago, and sometimes throws out a hint that a hundred dollars, cash down, might induce him to part with it.

The ancient mariner will also be recognized by many as one of the living landmarks of the street which he has haunted many a year, being the proprietor of an interesting side-show, as it were. The full-rigged ship and mimic steamer which move over heaving billows in his glass case attract delighted attention from the crowds of eager children. The uncanny individual with his box of photographs on a tripod, who is known to the street gamin as "Spider John," will also, doubtless, awaken a thrill in such of his victims as see his picture. Spider John, while ostensibly selling portraits of celebrities, does a profitable business in disposing of packages of so-called "French pictures" to the unwary, in whose minds he succeeds in creating an impression that they are receiving erotic designs in return for their dollar. It is a case of "biter bit," however, for John's pictures prove on investigation to be entirely innocuous. He is a fair specimen in the main of the Fourteenth Street peddler who sells his wares at a hundred per cent. profit, or more, and deserves sup-



THE PATRIARCH OF THE ORGAN-GRINDERS.

pression, many might think, as an obstacle to traffic, if for no other reason. Still, for my own part, I consider that his presence adds a picturesque interest to a thoroughfare almost unique in that respect in the city of New York.

V. GRIBAYÉDOFF.



## A PRAIRIE TYPE.

A HOT July afternoon, murmurous with a dreamy song of flies buzzing their discontent outside the screened windows and doors. Away, across the undulating distance, shines and glimmers the Little Arkansas, like a trembling silver ribbon. Near by, the wind, tired with its constant flight, tries now and then to raise its lazy wings, but raises only clouds of heavy fragrance, whose sweet breath so intoxicates it that it sinks lazily back into the alfalfa bloom and stirs no more. The few cottonwoods that skirt the nearest section-line cast a grudging shade, where the horses collect to stamp themselves into a fiercer heat with fighting the cruel flies.

I sit inside the sod "ranch-house," too languid for pencil or book, gazing at this realistic picture of summer and thankful that the blazing heat promises protection from neighborhood intrusion. But I am too sanguine. Down the glaring, chrome-yellow road there comes a tall figure clad in a limp calico dress, with a slatless sun bonnet flapping over the face. The quivering heat-waves that rise between my eyes and the figure give it a grotesque, inexact wriggle. I recognize my nearest neighbor, Mrs. "Ellinory" Gibson.

Mrs. Gibson and her husband, "Hank," had, several months before this, joined the eager throng of home-seekers who went down into the Territory to take possession of the land thrown open to the public by the government. A motley crowd, hot with the rage for possession, had camped for weeks in the environs of our ranch, its number added to day by day, until an army of thousands took up its march for the "line."

The Gibsons, husband and wife, and two nearly grown sons, known as "the chillun," were renters. They had become infected with the enthusiasm of the waiting crowd, and the flattering prospect of owning their own "quarter" in a new country had tempted them, illy fitted as they were to compete in the rush, to try their luck with the others. Mrs. Gibson's appearance on this hot afternoon was the first intimation I had received of their return.

"Howdy, Mis' Eames, howdy?" Mrs. Gibson's hand-shake was as unique as herself; there was a hearty grasp accompanied by a jerk, much as one would crack a whip. "I knowed you'd be surprised to see me. I told Hank, jes' 's soon as I got a mite fixed up I was comin' up to set in one o' your rockin'-cheers and git a good rest. Yessum, we air back, an' I wisht to the lan' we'd 'a' neveh went; though I dunno but what the expe'iunce is wuth somethin'. Ef expe'iunce was wuth all it's cracked up to be we orter be rich, Hank an' me, fer we been a-havin' of nothin' else."

Mrs. Gibson seated herself as she spoke in one of the aforesaid rocking-chairs, and settled the three divisions of her false teeth firmly in her mouth to enable her to dis-course more freely. Her "upper set" had been unfortunately broken in three pieces, but as it was a peculiarity of the Gibsons to postpone repairs of all kinds, it did duty still, in a disjointed sort of way that was amusing to watch. She had a trick of shutting her jaws together with a snap to steady the refractory molars whenever she took a fresh start in the quaint monologue, which furnished high entertainment for everybody on the ranch.

Since the accident to the "upper set" the monologue was characterized by a close accent which was a trifle foreign, but which did not disguise the North C'liny dialect, curiously mixed and tempered by a mingling with the cosmopolitan element of the Western prairies. Added

to this, she was imitative, and adopted indiscriminately the stable slang she heard, adding it to her vocabulary with as much pride as if it were legitimate language.

She was a faded, slightly bent woman of forty-three, with a chronic "mis'ry" in some organ or another. She boasted proudly to me that she had tried "ever" sort of patent medicine in the almanacs." One of the men from the stables gave Hank, one day, a bottle of "leg-wash" for a sprain. Mrs. Gibson argued, from its strong flavor of assafoetida, that it promised well for a "mis'ry in her chist," and ventured an inward dose. She admitted to me afterward that it was "ruther raspin'," but that it "p'intedly did help the chist."

"But I do say, Mis' Eames, some of the doin's and cyarryin' on I've saw sence I been gone was *jes' plum redic'lus!*

"First place, 'tain't no fool of a ja'nt, fer a person as porely as me, to camp out 'long o' five thousand people, like we all's obleeged to do fer five days, a-waitin' to rigister, all jammed up together, pullin' an' haulin' to git the best place. They's five thousand people a-waitin' at the line, ef they's a mortual soul, to start at the first pop o' the gun.

"The night afore the run they layed about in the sand like dead-ripe apples atter a wind. A hot wind, 'at looked like it had mistook *Apr'ile* for August, was a-blowin' from the south, an' the dust was so thick you could scurely see the full moon. Some of 'em was packed like crackers in a box, an' the sand a-blowin' kivered 'em in like a blanket. Ye see, none of 'em wanted to lose the'r places. An' nary a drop o' water fer less 'n a nickle a cup full. Some was a-cussin' an' a-swearin' an' wishin' they'd a stayed in Missouri, whar good lan' is cheap an' plenty. One feller 'lowed ef he didn't have more lan' 'an what he ockerpied that night, atter he's dead, he 'lowed he'd be consider'ble cramped, he would.

"Well, day broke at last, an' ever'body 'peared to pearten up some, though the wind looked like it was jes' tryin' itself, an' blowed harder'n eveh. But all of 'em got th'ough rigisterin' an' turned to at fixin' up the'r critters an' rigs. An' all the kinds o' rigs you eveh heard of was in the percession. Me an' Hank, we had ole Jule an' the break-cyart."

"Old Jule?" I said, inquiringly.

"Laws! hain't I neveh told you about old Jule? She's one o' the mules,—the pair o' mules pappy give me an' Hank when we's married. She is nigh onto eighteen year ole now, an' right peart yit."

"And you and your husband went down to make the run into the Territory, where so much depended on speed, with a superannuated old mule that had been worked hard for fifteen years?"

Mrs. Gibson puckered her lips into an enigmatical smile and clamped the "upper set" into position again.

"Hank, he ain't neveh hu't hisself with wuhk yit, ner none of his critters, neither. I reckon ole Jule ain't in it, long of a race like some o' these 'ere fast horses what you all raise, but she ain't no slouch at a steady trot.

"But we was there, with ole Jule an' the break-cyart, as I was tellin' of ye. The sojers was to fire a cannon at smack twelve o'clock, so 's to let folks know when to go. People was drawed up, with the'r critters' noses to the line, stretched out as fur as ye could see, fer an hour or two before the time. Men an' women. Ther' was a young woman on a bike, right next to Hank an' me, 't we'd got acquainted with. She had one of these here can-



tings full o' water strapped across her back, an' a blanket with some bread rolled up in it, an' a stake to drive in the ground the minit she got a claim, fastened to her bike.

"She'd left her baby with the hotel-keeper's wife at Cal'well, an' was goin' to try fer a quarter-section. I asked her if her husband was dead, but she jes' looked kind o' far away an' said he was dead to her. Hank an' me was sorry fer her, an' 'lowed to kind o' look out fer her all we could.

"Well, thar that crowd stood an' waited, an' atter what 'peared to be *foreveh* an' a day the cannon boomed.

"Lord, Mis' Eames! nobody 'at wa'n't there hain't no idee what a *sean* that was. Looked like eveh one o' them five thousand people yelled at onct, an' started, pell-mell, hell an' yander, as the sayin' is. Ole Jule, she took out lickety-cut, as briggity as any of 'em, Hank a-holdin' on to the lines an' me a-holdin' on to Hank. I mind o' glimpsin' the sun, while we's a-tearin' along, shinin' like a gret ball o' red fire th'ough the smoky air, an' thinkin' of a bloody battle-field, or jedgment day, or ole Brother Watkins a-rollin' out the words about the sun a-turnin' black an' the moon a-turnin' to blood.

"Fer a while I couldn't think o' nothin' much but holdin' on; but I saw a man's wheel come off, an' he rolled out, an' the others neveh stopped,—couldn't stop,—but jes' tore on, a-crushin' the life outen him with horses an' wheels. I tell ye, it was *jes' plum redic'lus!*

"Atter a while, when we's out about twelve mile, an' a-goin' a mite slower, we got cut out from the main crowd. Ye see, most of 'em wanted to strike out fer the town site; but me an' Hank, we wanted a quarter.

"'I'm a-makin' fer that little bunch o' black-jacks,' says Hank to me, 'yander to the left;' an' jes' then that young woman passed us on her bike.

"'We'll be neighbors, Mis' Gibson,' she hollered; an' sure 'nuff, we passed her after she'd stopped an' druv down her stake an' got a quarter, a half a mile further on.

"I neveh see Hank so fired up. You know how mortal slow he is. He jes' th'owed hisself outen that cyart, an' grabbed our stake an' driv it down like he was goin' to drive it plum to Tophet.

"'Hoopee!' he hollered, 'I've got some land o' my own. No more rentin' fer me, an' no more thirds o' my crap goin' to the landlord.' An' he hollered agin like all possessed.

"'You better be a-lookin' atter ole Jule,' I says, 'er you won't have no critter to make a crap with.' An' the pore ole thing looked like she was clean beat out,—her sides thumped like forty.

"We took and sponged her mouth out, like Hank see them swipes at you-all's ranch do when you been a-racin' of yer hosses, an' we th'owed a quilt over her an' walked her around slow, to cool her out. An' tired an' excited like I was, I laughed so at the sight of our ole Jule with her head a-hangin' doun to the ground, her ears a-floppin' over her eyes, an' my ole log-cabin on her back, an' not even ambishin enuff to swish her tail, I plum forgot an' snorted my store teeth right out there on the prairie.

"Atter a spell I left Hank on our quarter an' walked back to see how our young woman was a-comin' on. She was a pilin' up grass an' tum'le-weed to spread her blanket on fer a bed. Fer mind ye, we all was obleged to sleep right out o' doors thar on the prairie. I wanted her to come oveh an' camp long o' Hank an' me; but she was mortal 'fraid somebody 'id git her claim.

"'No,' she says, 'I've risked too much; here I'm goin' to stay until I'm entered. Ef your husband will enter my quarter long o' his'n when he goes to Perry to-morrow,

then I'll feel safe, an' know that my boy'll have somethin' in spite of 'em.'

"An' then she told me she was married to a rich man's son in Chicago, 't wa'n't of age yit. An' his folks was so mad at him fer marryin' of her 't they'd sot him ag'in' her, and was tryin' to make a divorce an' git the baby.

"I declar' it was jes' like a story outen the *Fireside an' He'rth*, only a mortal sight curiouser, an' I been a-readin' the *Fireside an' He'rth* goin' on five year. Pears' like me an' Hank got so used to it we couldn't do without it no ways. Ye see, 'tain't likely me an' Hank'll eveh see any o' them sure-'nuff lords an' ladies, an' it's some sort o' comfort to read about 'em; though looks like some of 'em jes' 'bout as ornery as they make 'em.

"So I left her there a fixin' for the night an' went back to Hank. We set about makin' us a shelter, too, though it didn't look like it eveh would rain or the wind stop a-blowin'. My eyes were nearly plum put out with the sand an' the smoke from burnin' grass, whar the\* 'sooners' set the prairie afire. I'd fetched a tin bucket an' some coffee, an' we had kerried a kag o' water Hank paid a dollar fer at Cal'well. You bet that coffee did smell good. Hank is jes' that onreasonable he'd 'a' chawed the rag ef it hadn't been as good as it was at home. Me 'n' Hank have had more fussin' about that one thing than anything else. I tell him it hurts a woman's feelin', when she's tried an' tried to make a man comfortable, to have him jes' jaw right out before folks ef ever'thing ain't jes' so. But Hank, he says a woman keeps her feelin's layin' 'round half the time on the floor, like a cat's tail, fer somebody to tromp on.

"Well, the sun was jes' goin' down, an' we was a-gittin' sot down, when—*spang!* somethin' whistled clost to my ear.

"'Sooners!' hollered Hank. 'Lay down, Ellinory, lay down! they're shootin' at us.' An' then I see a little puff o' smoke outen a holler down below us, an' I heard another *spang!* You bet I did lay down; an' ef you'll believe me, we didn't dast to raise our heads agin till dark. It was *jes' plum redic'lus!*—an' all that good coffee a-bilin' over on the grass.

"When it got good dark we crawled down offen the little rise we was on, to whar we had tethered ole Jule, a-draggin' our quilts atter us, an' there we layed all night till plum day, a-thinkin' ever' minit 'd be our last.

"'You needn't talk to me no more 'bout ownin' my own lan',' says Hank to me, like as if I was to blame. 'Ef eveh I git out o' here alive, I'm a-goin' back satisfied to be a renter all my bohn days.'

"An' I 'lowed to him 't I knowed when I'd got enough, too.

"I neveh see anything so *plum redic'lus!* I 'lowed shore my hair'd be white by mornin', like Lady Ethel's in 'The Earl's Mad Love,' when she's shut up all night in the ha'nted tower.

"That pistol-poppin' kep' up all night. When we couldn't hear it no more we crope up on top o' the rise, but couldn't see nobody; but there was that kag o' water, an' my sun-bonnet 't I'd hung on it, riddled full o' holes, an' the water leaked out on the ground. But my little hand-satchel bag, with a bottle o' Blogetty Oil in it, wa'n't touched. I was mortal glad o' that, fer I'd fetched it to keep off malary. We didn't wait fer nothin'. We hitched up ole Jule an' racked right out tow'ds Cal'well.

"Then we thought about the young woman. It was jes' a-gittin' good light when we went past her claim, an' we see her a-layin' on her piled-up bed o' tum'le-weed, with her bike layin' 'longside o' her.

\* Persons who went into the lands before the allotted time.



"Somehow, the way she was a-layin' made my blood run cold agin. An' lord, Mis' Eames! when we got up clost we see she was dead! Yessum, dead, with her face turned up to the sky, an' the blood from a hole in her th'roat a-soakin' the blanket under her.

"Great lord, Ellinory!" says Hank to me, 'this is awful!"

"It's wuss,' I says; '*it's plum redic'lous!*'

"When we saw that we couldn't do nothin' we tore out agin fer Cal'well an' went to that hotel-keeper an' told him about that young woman. An' what d'ye think? Her man an' his father had got on to it that she was there, an' had follered her. Seems like the young man had sort o' repented, and when we told him the news he raved like crazy. I thought it was a mighty pore time to expe'ience a change o' heart, atter his wife was fowelly murdered, an' I jes' tole him so.

"They fetched the corpse in that very mornin' an' he got the finest coffin in Cal'well,—much good that would do her. When they put the box on the train to carry her back an' bury her in the fambly burryin'-ground he took on '*es' plum redic'lus.*'

"Me an' Hank got a chance to stay at Cal'well fer a spell. The hotel-keeper's wife wanted a woman to help in the kitchen, an' Hank got a job at a dollar an' two bits a day, helpin' a man to put in his crap. Ye see, the chillun had wrote that they'd already got in a good crap o' cohn; an' it is good,—'ll fetch sixty bushel to the acre if it'll fetch a year.

"So we air back, with sixty-five dollars more'n we tuk with us, an' lots of expe'ience. I 'low to lay some o' that money 't I peeled pertaters fer, in a dozen bottles o' this 'ere new *specifice* fer kidney trouble."

SALLIE F. TOLER.

## ELEPHANTS THAT BURDEN US.

AN elephant is one of the most grotesque of the many specimens of the Creator's handiwork. He is not of artistic conception exactly, but rather seems an unfinished freak of Nature; an evidence that Nature could change her mind with a sort of human ingenuity and consequent uncertainty as to what shape a bit of clay could be molded into when worked with experimentally. There is nothing ideal about an elephant. He is just a great, clumsy creature who takes up an immense amount of room, absorbs an unlimited amount of substance, requires attention in countless ways, and—remains. If we entertain one, whether it is by invitation or whether he is thrust upon us, we find accommodations for him, and then, because of the accommodations, he stays. He is too great to send traveling or visiting, or even strolling for a short season. No one else will have him. It is only reasonable to express a surprise that anyone ever invites an elephant to take up his abode with him.

Once there was a man who sold produce to a traveling circus. The circus stayed in his town for a week, and as the proprietor could not pay for the produce, he gave a mortgage on the elephant. When he could not meet the bill the produce dealer foreclosed on the elephant, and proceeded to lead him home by a rope, whereat the villagers gathered about, and asked him what he was going to do with the elephant, and where he was going to put him. He replied that he should put him in the chicken-coop, and keep him. Now the chicken-coop was pretty big for a chicken-coop, and even compared favorably with the house and barn; but when the elephant stood by its side its proportions assumed a changed aspect, and the elephant wouldn't fit. The elephant strayed about in the yard and ate up produce and everything else, for a week; and then the holder of the newly acquired luxury sent word to the former owner, "Come and get your elephant at once. I have a family to support."

It isn't always such an easy matter to get rid of an elephant; and when you have accommodations for a chicken only, it isn't wise to invite an elephant to dwell with you. And yet we all do this constantly.

The burdens of life are like elephants, and there are three kinds: white elephants, common large elephants and cotton-flannel toy elephants. The white elephants are the burdens we assume from which we derive no general, practical benefit. White elephants are very wearing.

They consume and absorb us, but we dance attendance because they are so rare; they are the albinos of the tribe; we fancy other persons envy us their possession. There is the grand house we move into for the sake of having one as good as our neighbor's; there is the fortune we have inherited, or made in an hour, and are unable to live up to; there are luxuries we indulge in when our bank account is too low to admit of them; there is the false position we occupy in society; and there are the virtues we assume, our pretenses, our superficiality, our popularity that must be sustained, and the thousand worldly cares that demand our terpsichorean attentions,—things that yield only a trifling dividend of comfort, and convince us, after all, of the emptiness of life. The white elephant demands a great deal of attention, and he is wholly unappreciative. Experience in ownership of him yields more of pessimism than wisdom, but such a lot of humans yield up the best of life efforts for his sake! He doesn't pay.

The good, old, grotesque, dark-brown, flap-eared elephant is the kind that takes up with us sooner or later and keeps us stepping to meet his demands. He stands for our burdens, our real responsibilities of life, and we grow fond of him. All of us know about the elephant we have on our hands. It may be we are not strong enough to meet the demands; probably we are not, but he has come to stay, and—well, we must attend his wants as best we can; that's what life is for.

You didn't know you were assuming the care of an elephant that time when you invested all your money in business; you hardly thought of it when you courted a sweet girl and then led her to the altar; but there comes an awakening, and some fine day you discover that an elephant is too large to fit into a chicken-coop, and then the tussle begins, for there is no one to take him off your hands at a day's notice, as was the case with the man in the little story.

The nearest approach to solving the problem of life lies in teaching the young the theorems and axioms that have helped us to measure our burdens and to properly mount them on our own shoulders. We call this science philosophy, I believe, and it is rather general in its application. Little children are students in this self-taught science, and the more gradual and steady the growth, the better able are they to overcome their trials, whether they are fractions



or an empty cooky-jar or mittens with holes in them. The elephant only materializes later, and it is called responsibility. The young mother recognizes it as she fondles a rosy scrap of humanity done up in Saxony flannel, and she wonders at her own temerity in taking upon herself the responsibility for its care. Later on the elephant assumes greater proportions, and he roars and paws the earth. Well,—you know how it is, some of you, better than I can tell you; but just so sure as you live up to your best efforts daily in regard to this elephant on your hands, you will one day behold him mounted with a golden-flecked howdah; and seated on that glittering throne you will ride to triumph, like the conquering hero that you are.

Now just one word about cotton-flannel elephants. These toy elephants are the imaginary cares, the troubles, the littlenesses of life, the worries that threaten to encompass, but never do. Society is buffeted so much with cotton-flannel elephants,—playing at care, as it were, when earnestness of purpose is required on all sides; society plays at reform and plays at charity and plays at philanthropy, and likes it. Society never gets an elephant on its hands; it is too selfish.

To be able to distinguish the difference between a real and a cotton-flannel elephant is one of the achievements of a successful life.

HARYOT HOLT CAHOON.

## AMONG THE MAORIS.

“THE name is Mow-ree, the ‘mow’ being pronounced as in hay-mow. Englishmen, Americans, and others who have never been down this way pronounce Maori—May-o-ry. In the language of the New Zealander the word means native or indigenous.”

This is what my good friend, Captain Carey, of the steamship *Monowai*, said to me on the way down from the Navigator Islands to Auckland, New Zealand.

Thanks to friends in America and Hawaii, I had letters to Sir George Grey and other gentlemen of prominence in Australasia. Sir George Grey, now eighty-six years of age and retired, is the Nestor of English colonial governors, and was for many years Governor of New Zealand. In two great campaigns—campaigns that put to the test the valor of the best English soldiers—Sir George subdued the warlike Maoris and then granted them such honorable terms that they now call him “father.” He has written a Maori grammar and lexicon, and his translations of the ballads and traditions of this remarkable people are regarded by scholars as a most valuable contribution to folklore. Even if, through the courtesy of Sir George, I had not been guaranteed a welcome to “The King Country,” as the great Maori reservation of fifteen thousand square miles in the North Island is called, my meeting with him would have fully compensated me for my trip to that loveliest of antipodean cities, Auckland.

It requires self-restraint to resist the temptation to write at length of New Zealand. It is not to be wondered at that it has produced the noblest race of savages in the world, nor does it require prophetic gifts to foresee that Macauley's New Zealander philosophizing on the ruins of London Bridge might be no fierce, tattooed Maori, but the finest product of the human race.

“Go to the geysers first; there you will find guides and horses to take you into the King Country.”

This was Sir George's advice, and I followed it. A day's travel from Auckland, by rail and stage, took me to the famous land of the hot springs, and over the glorious white and pink terraces that had just been almost ruined

by an earthquake. A tall young Maori, dressed like a European, looking like one of the Navajo Indians whom I had seen in America a few months before, and bearing the Gaelic name Donald McLean, was awaiting me at the Springs Hotel with two good mounts. The guide knew English and was able to read and write.

A majority of the Maoris keep to their native tongue, and their school-books are in that language. The Maori alphabet has only fourteen letters, A, E, H, S, K, M, N, O, P, R, T, U, W, and Ng. The vocabulary is full and rich, the grammar surprisingly regular in its five declensions and the construction of the verb; and I was told that children could learn to read in a few weeks.

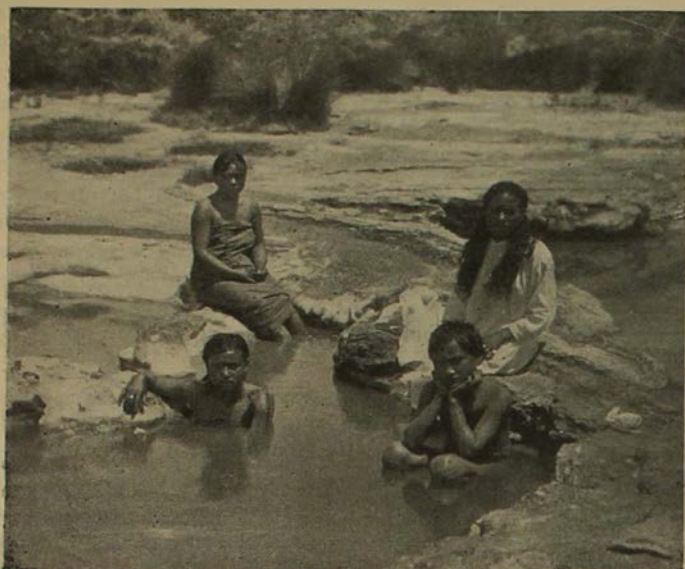
It is a day's ride from the springs to the first settlements of the King Country. It was mid-September, and early spring in that land.

The country was rolling, and in places well wooded. The uplands were purple with the odorous wild violet, and many of the valleys looked as if filled with snow-drifts, so white were they with giant callallies. The forests were full of deer, the streams were alive with imported rainbow-trout, and flocks of English pheasants whirred before us from the undergrowth. Blue smoke-pillars, rising here and there to the west, told of our approach to the Maori settlements. We saw great herds of cattle and droves of thick-fleeced sheep attended by tall, brown men in smock-frocks, who raised their broad-



HALF-CIVILIZED MAORIS.





MAORI FAMILY BATHING.

brimmed hats to the stranger, and shouted, in the liquid Maori tongue, salutations to Donald McLean.

We put up that night at the farm-house of a head-man named Ngatu. The stable and accommodations were such as could be found on the average Arkansas plantation. Bread, meat, fish, vegetables, tea and milk, with wild honey, all well served, formed our supper, and our beds were good and clean. That night Ngatu read the Maori Bible and said prayers, his wife, two sons, and one daughter singing a hymn to the tune of "Jesus, Lover of my Soul."

Early the next morning I heard glad shouts and laughter, and looking out of the window—nearly all the houses are of one story and built of stone—I saw a crowd of young people who, McLean told me, had come to see the stranger. I never saw so many fine bronze faces, nor so many graceful figures, though the women struck me as being very much smaller than the tall, lithe young men.

McLean pointed out a number of half-breeds among the crowd, and he told me, what I had noticed in America and in other parts of Polynesia, that the half-breeds are mostly women. Up to this time I was under the impression that the young women of Repola, particularly back from the coast, had the finest forms I had ever seen; but the Maori

half-breeds, in face, form, and expression, stood unsurpassed. No stays bound them, no cramping high-heels confined their dainty feet. Some had red flowers amid the thick coils of their blue-black hair. The lips were red and full, the eyes lustrous and brown, the hands small and tapering, and the teeth white, but as a rule irregular. The married women carry their children slung to their backs, as do our Indian squaws, and it may be said that the Maori woman, like the squaw, bears more than her share of the labor burden.

It would take a volume to describe the week spent among these people. I found everywhere a welcome, and I saw no poverty or suffering. The Maoris live in villages, and have their own schools and churches. They are learning the white man's mode of life, and, it is to be feared, his greed for money. They are good farmers and herders, and they own two hundred sailing coasters. They have their own doctors, preachers, and lawyers, and have a representation of four members in the New Zealand Parlia-



MAORI GIRL IN LAKE TAUPO.

ment. It is encouraging to learn that the Maoris are now increasing. The civilization that would destroy such a noble race might well be questioned.

ALFRED R. CALHOUN.

"I LOST SOMETHING, SWEET SIR, LAST NIGHT."

A SONG.

I.

I LOST something, sweet sir, last night,  
The while we trod our measure  
'Twas something small and troublesome,  
Yet often full of pleasure.

III.

I lost something, sweet sir, last night ;  
I prithee, help me find it !  
And, once thou dost, I prithee, too,  
Make haste and safely bind it.

VI.

Thou'st guessed aright ! I lost my heart,—  
And to thy sister's brother !—  
Yet, in my breast, I feel, all warm,  
A-beating now, another.

IV.

I lost something, sweet sir, last night ;  
'Twas while the lutes and fiddles  
Were twanging soft, and your bold eyes  
Read right in mine their riddles.

II.

I lost something, sweet sir, last night ;  
'Tis true, I ne'er had seen it,  
Yet, lacking it, methinks I'll die ;  
Laugh not, forsooth, I mean it !

V.

I lost something, sweet sir, last night ;  
Methinks mayhap thou'st found it !  
A little thing, and yet so deep  
No plummet e'er can sound it.

VII.

'Tis thine, thou sayst ; in sooth, sweet sir,  
Exchange were never kinder ;  
To lose one's heart at midnight's stroke,  
At morn, reward the finder !

FRANCES AYMAR MATHEWS.



## BEAUTY VERSUS BRAINS.

THERE is a popular fallacy that beautiful women do not require intellectuality ; that beauty is sufficient unto itself, and that whenever it is superlative it fills the void which the absence of intellectual attainments would have made manifest in a plainer woman.

Beauty is undoubtedly often productive of vanity, and vanity is certainly a flaw in character, which, in some degree, subverts the possibility of high intellectual accomplishments ; but the history of the world does not tell us of a single beauty who won her way, and who retained what she won, unless she was endowed with something more than mere beauty of face and form.

Wherever beauty exists it is heightened and enhanced if its possessor is also endowed with those greater beauties of the mind which set it off and furnish the finishing touches, in precisely the same degree that a painting by one of the old masters is rendered tenfold more attractive when surrounded by an appropriate frame and suspended in the place where the most favorable light may fall upon it. When beauty is deprived of these intellectual auxiliaries it is relegated to the same category as the frameless painting which careless hands have deposited in a forgotten corner, where even the shrewdest connoisseurs might pass it by a hundred times, unseen.

Beauty of the mind is always paramount ; beauty of the face is only transitory. When the two walk hand in hand nations bow, and the world looks on and wonders. Beautiful women have swayed the world many, many times in modern history, but never by their beauty alone. The swaying has been done by the brain, not by the face ; but when the brain and the face each possessed that extraordinary charm and strength comprehended by the word beauty, in its superlative sense, dynasties have tottered, kings have trembled on their thrones, war has been declared, peace has been accomplished, and the world has been made better or worse, according to the whim or the caprice of the beautiful woman who had the brain and the dominant will to compel men of great intellectual gifts, statesmen, and generals, to do her bidding.

Such a woman was Cleopatra. Historians, dramatists, novelists, and poets have recited her magnificent charms of person over and over again, and no one has ventured or dared to deny to her the extraordinary intellectual gifts of which she was possessed. During her career she conquered with her beauty two of the greatest men that the world ever knew ; but she charmed Cæsar and Antony by her subtlety and force and brain, even more than by her voluptuous and ravishing beauty. If she had not been a brilliantly intellectual woman, the world of to-day would remember her only as an incident in history, and not, as she was, a history maker.

Such a woman was Marie Antoinette, whose remarkable endowments of feature and of mind rendered her a power in the kingdom ruled by her weaker husband, and she was more feared by the revolutionists of France than were Louis XVI. and all his court. Such a woman was Josephine, for there is no doubt that in addition to her beauties of person she possessed superior intelligence, as the influence which she exercised over her great husband, Napoleon I., demonstrated. His power waned when he put her aside ; not as a retribution upon him, but because he had lost the aid afforded him by her wisdom.

The world is full of sentiment. It loves to believe a famous woman beautiful ; it loves to believe a persecuted woman beautiful : it delights to imagine that every clever

and intelligent woman is beautiful. The heroines of history, in nearly every instance, have been accorded extreme beauty by their biographers, and in most cases the reports have been true. Beauty of character shines through the face ; and often a woman who would be plain without the brain power that God gave to her is rendered one of the world's famous beauties by her intelligence, her wit, or her accomplishments, whether her prominence has been attained through the crises of nations, through literature or art, or through mere social distinction.

Beauty has always been a passport to the human heart because it speaks of heart qualities ; it speaks of goodness ; it speaks of grace of spirit, revealed through the regularity of feature and the brilliancy of eyes, the music of the voice and the delicacy of touch. Thus it proclaims the realization of the ideal. Thus it seizes upon its object. Thus it dominates and wins ; and thus it will hold, if it is something more than superficial beauty. But beauty that is merely superficial can never retain what it wins. Beauty that is "only skin deep" is not, properly speaking, beauty at all. It is beauty viewed from without, as one passes a portrait,—and forgets it. But beauty viewed from within, as by the painter who created the picture, retains its power and force forever.

The acme of beauty and power, of grace and tact, of charm of manner and brilliancy of mind, was reached in Madame Récamier, and it is doubtful if any other woman known to the history of the world has possessed a moiety of the abundant attractions which were hers. "To be beloved," wrote Mme. de Hautefeuille, "was the history of Madame Récamier. Beloved by all in her youth for her astonishing beauty ; beloved for her gentleness, her inexhaustible kindness, for the charm of character that was reflected in her sweet face ; beloved for the tender and sympathizing friendship which she awarded with an exquisite tact and discrimination of heart ; beloved by old and young, small and great, by women,—even women, so fastidious where women are concerned ; beloved always and by all, from her cradle to the grave,—such was the lot, such the renown of this charming woman. What other glory is so enviable?"

Another pretty tribute is to be found in a letter written to her by the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg - Strelitz, brother of the Queen of Prussia, after forty years of uninterrupted friendship : "My heart tells me that the ravishing beauty with which nature has endowed you is only the reflection of an adorable soul. . . We all look upon you as the embodiment of perfect love and perfect goodness."

Madame Récamier lost her bloom as she grew older, but she never lost the extreme winsomeness of her smile, her child-like innocence, and her sincere and gracious manner. At seventy years of age, and blind, she was addressed by Chateaubriand as "*Très belle et très charmante.*" Vanity created no flaw in the character of this beautiful woman, and her intellectual attainments made her the adored friend of Madame de Staël, and she was constantly sought by the literary lions of her time.

No power or faculty of human nature ever stands alone. Back of the highest form of beauty there must be a reverent spirit, a loving heart, a sound mind, and a wholesome body. No woman can attain popularity and keep it through the sole agency of a beautiful face. The mother who bequeathes her daughter this inheritance, and fails to endow her with the intellectual graces of mind and heart that should go with it, launches her upon a world of sorrow



Mary Queen of Scots might be classed in this category, for although she possessed great beauty, she had not the superior intelligence possessed by her sister queen, Elizabeth, and she never succeeded in retaining what she won. Much of her misfortune might be attributed to treachery on the part of others; but she had not the wit to foresee the crises with which she had to contend. Madame de Maintenon and Madame de Montespan are two other historical characters illustrating this point; and in more modern history everyone who reads will remember the sad fate of beautiful Adelaide Neilson, who, with all her art, lacked those qualities of mind which would have made her great.

The popular idea of the day, that intellectuality is not abundant where beauty dwells, is strengthened by the fact that we have learned to associate spectacles, frowsy hair, and lack of style in apparel, with higher education in woman. The "blue-stocking" element in womanhood

is not given to personal adornment. It is apt to place too light an estimate upon beauty of feature and style of dress as compared with intellectual growth; and it is this condition which has created the prejudice against higher education of women. Physical culture may have some effect upon this; but at present the "college-girl face," with its intensity of expression, its stamp of superiority, is something to avoid.

Beauty and intellectuality may travel hand in hand, and have done so down the ages to the present time. Beautiful women should be as brilliant and as accomplished as plain women. And plain women may cultivate the most attractive kind of beauty to take the place of that which they have been denied, by studying their personal appearance and their dress, and by cultivating a charm of manner which will lead the observer to forget the commonplace type of the face itself.

RUTH VAN RENSSELAER HAINES.



## PATTERNS AND POSSIBILITIES.

ONE day two women who were driving in a New Hampshire town rode up to the door of a farmhouse to ask for information about routes. While the lady of the house stood by the carriage, a man was seen approaching whose costume bore but a faint resemblance to anything usually worn by mortals. There was a decided discrepancy in the size of the trousers legs, the shape of the coat sleeves was like nothing in particular, the vest was like unto no other vest the beholders had ever seen.

"Where," asked one of the ladies respectfully, "does your husband get his clothes?"

"I make 'em," was the reply.

"And where do you get your patterns?" was the next question.

"Oh," answered the wife, "I don't bother with patterns. I just glance at Johnson once in a while, and cut."

"Life is all a misfit," said a young woman to me the other day; a remark which was but the repetition of the same complaint uttered or written in many different phrases by many different people,—people who were simply seeking relief by the outpouring of their doubts and fears, or asking comfort and counsel.

After the girl whose life was a misfit had taken her departure, I gave my mind up to the possible solution of the riddle why so many people were finding existence inadequate, ineffective, unsatisfactory; and the conviction was forced upon me that the disaster was, in many cases, due to the same cause which clothed Johnson so uncouthly,—want of patterns. The next time I met my disconsolate young friend, I said,

"What do you *want* to be and do?"

"Oh! I don't know," was the reply. "Almost anything but what I am. I want something,—I don't know what."

Ay, verily, she wanted something, and I knew what it was: an ideal.

Now, dear girls, let us have a cozy talk, and find out what we think on the subject of misfits and ideals. Did one of you ever know of anybody accomplishing a satisfactory piece of work without a pattern? Everything, from the largest to the least, that grows under the hand of the sculptor or painter, is formed from a model, which is either actualized or in the mind. The story, the play, the essay, exist in outline before they are written. You could not fashion the simplest gown nor cut the plainest apron without either a material or mental pattern. If you tried to do this you would inevitably produce a shapeless and partially or wholly useless thing. The entire world owes its strength, its utility, its beauty, its every "good and perfect gift," to patterns, or ideals.

What is a pattern? Something to fashion after and compare with, is it not? As the sculptor chips the marble he keeps the model constantly in sight. No stroke of the painter's brush is made without consulting his sketch. The author's every word is written with his outline in mind. If one of you were cutting a garment you would pin your cloth to the pattern, and be very careful that your shears did not go here and there aimlessly, or cut a piece too wide or too narrow, or out of proportion or relation to the whole.

And yet many a girl is trying to fashion that most stupendous thing, a character, to chisel that most marvelous thing, an effective and noble life, without a pattern. Her shears are running everywhere and nowhere, her chisel is gouging and defacing, or is idle; her picture has no central figure, or no consistency.

Is it not as clear as possible that such a girl should begin at once to possess herself of a pattern? That she should



stop her aimless and defacing hacking, and begin to chisel by rule? The young woman who does not know what she wants to be or to do, should not let another day pass before she finds out. She should build a mental conception of the character, temperament, and habits she would possess; and, bringing all the deepest feeling of her heart, all the circumstances, conditions, and requirements of her life to bear on the question, should decide once for all, and, having decided, should every hour of her life strive to work as nearly as possible after her pattern. I say strive, for there is a great difference between strenuous striving and mere trying.

And don't hesitate, girls, to set your standard at perfection point. If you never reach it you will get much higher than those whose aims are lower. And with this one sentence in your minds, in letters of fire that they may brand themselves in and become a part of your inmost consciousness: You will never be any larger than your thought. Little patterns make little productions; uncertain patterns bring forth uncertain results; half-patterns give half-realizations. A perfect thing must have a perfect pattern.

Imagination is nearly always spoken of by the unthinking as a misty and unimportant something, or is regarded as reprehensible. "Don't let your imagination run away with you" is a sentence which has chilled, if not checked, the enthusiasms of most of us. But imagination is really the master-builder of one's most satisfactory life-structure;

and when it "runs away with" one, becomes the most powerful dynamic in the world. What does imagination mean? Imaging; building a thought-pattern, a mental model, an ideal. "Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm," declares Emerson. Imagination is enthusiasm's vital principle, its inward life, its kindling fire.

Imagination "ran away with" Peter the Hermit, and across a continent tramped, with great loss and terrible suffering, thousands of people following an illiterate and hitherto unknown man who had magnetized himself and his followers by the thought-pattern of the Christ tomb free from Moslem possession. Carthage fell and Rome became supreme because imagination "ran away with" Cato in picturing the destruction of the African metropolis, and kept his zeal at white heat till the rival of the Eternal City was demolished. We have the electric telegraph and the submarine cable because imagination took the bits in her teeth and gave Samuel Morse and Cyrus Field no rest till the world-revolutionizing messages were clicked and flashed out in intelligible language. We ride, and light our homes, and cook our food by electricity because imagination got on so unstopable a canter with Edison.

Let imagination shape an ideal for you, girls; and then, whatever happens, carve by your pattern, always keeping it in plain sight, and let no careless hacking spoil or mar the fabric from which may be formed so beautiful a garment.

LIDA A. CHURCHILL.

## HOME ART AND HOME COMFORT

### VIOLET EMBROIDERY DESIGNS.

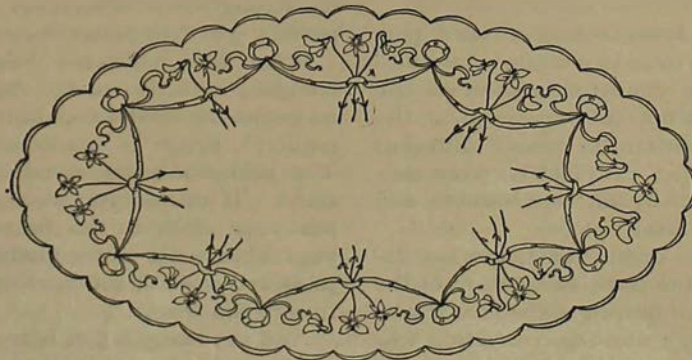
NO matter what novelties in embroidery designs are introduced, the large single violets are always popular, and most women like to have at least one full set of linen done in a violet pattern. The advantage of beautiful coloring lends a charm, and there are many shades in silks of other colors that can be employed in combination with the violet tones for embroidering the scroll-work, ribbons, and edges.

The single violets will be found the most satisfactory to embroider, as the outline and color-shading can be more accurately followed than in the double ones; and when arranging them in design it is always well to bear in mind that a few blossoms well placed appear to better

advantage than a number of them grouped closely and worked without regard to natural shading or outline. The grouping and arrangement of the violets in these patterns are very graceful, and as they are caught under the festoon of ribbon instead of being tied with the bow-knot,

the design is free and open, and the violet stems and ribbon bows and ends are not mingled.

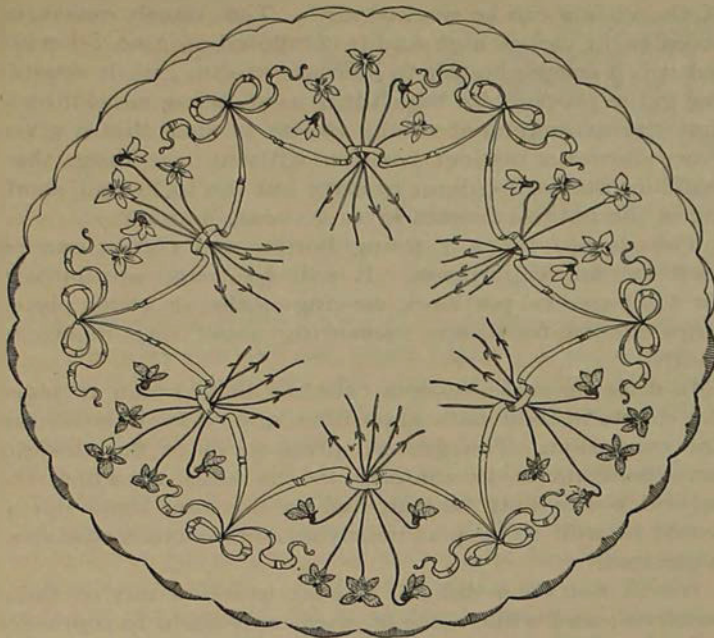
The attractive centrepiece shown is intended to be about eighteen inches in diameter, but according to convenience or purpose it may be reduced to a diameter of twelve inches or increased to measure twenty-four. Attention is attracted to the novel scallop on this and another of the designs, which can, of course, be used on all the pieces when embroidering a set. This edge is to be buttonholed, and should be filled slightly with cotton to give it a little relief. A fringed edge can be made by allowing an inch or two of margin outside the marking of the border, and after the work is completed the fabric



SMALL TRAY-CLOTH.

may be frayed or raveled out to form the fringe. When making a fringe of the body material, only the best quality of hand-made round-thread linen should be employed, as other grades will not produce a satisfactory fringe that will endure repeated laundering.



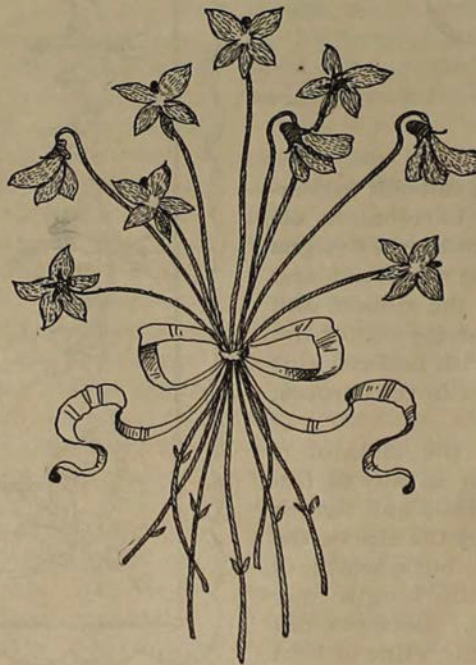


CENTREPIECE.

The violets and stems should be worked solid in their natural colors and shades; always begin to work flowers and leaves from the point, not from the stem, and make the stitches follow the lines of drawing. The bows and ribbons may be carried out in outline if desired, although a better effect can be had by employing the solid treatment in working the entire design.

Matching the centrepiece are two designs for doilies. The round one is intended to be seven inches in diameter, and the other one seven inches square. When making up a set, a half-dozen of each can be made to accompany the large piece. The long, shallow scallops make a dainty finish for these smaller pieces, but, of course, the double scallop can be used if desired, to match the centrepiece. In the matter of such details there is much latitude permitted both to fancy and taste.

Good round-thread hand-spun linen is undoubtedly the best material for this kind of fancy-work, as it wears better and will stand repeated laundering without showing perceptible



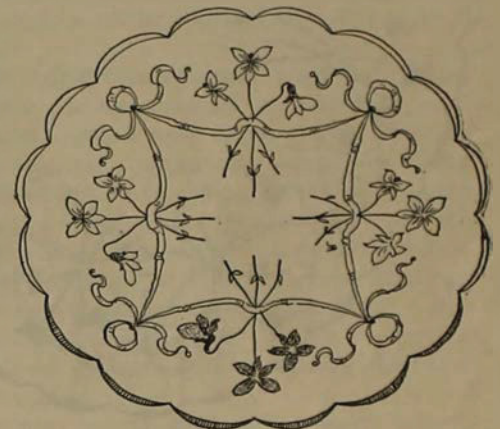
A BUNCH OF VIOLETS.

signs of use. There are a great many different grades of linen, but the difference in cost is slight in comparison with that of the wear, while it is as much labor to embroider one as

the other. Linens that are serviceable for nice work vary from fifty cents to one dollar a yard, one yard wide, according to fineness. For the violet embroideries, Chinese grass-linen is a beautiful material on which to work, as it is fine and sheer, at the same time being very strong and durable. It is imported for fine linen underclothing and for fancy work, runs about thirty inches in width, and costs from one to two dollars per yard; but if used, its value can be judged by its appearance and durability as well as its quality and silky texture. Bolting-cloth and pineapple silk are occasionally used for very dainty and delicate pieces.

The best results are always obtained by using filo silk and Roman floss for this class of work, and the fastest colors are the Asiatic dyed ones.

The design for an oval tray-cloth or doiley should be embroidered in a size about fifteen inches long by eight and a half in width. The arrangement of violets, ribbons, and scalloped edge is similar to the preceding designs, and as it is a part of the table-set it should be carried out in a corresponding manner. The larger oval design is intended for a carving-cloth, or as an underlay to a tea-

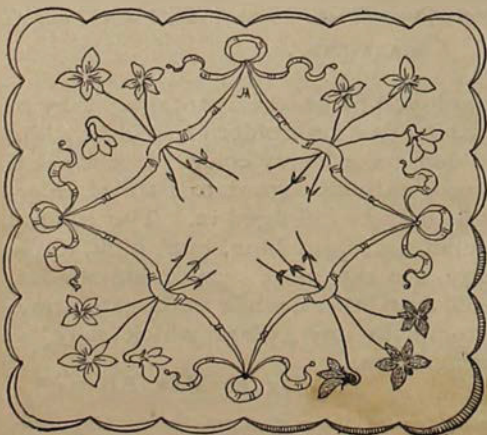


DOILEY.

set. For general use, it should measure eighteen inches wide and twenty-eight inches long, and be in the form of a true ellipse. The border matches that of the round centrepiece, and is to be embroidered in a similar manner.

Some very pretty color-schemes may be followed in these designs, as a great latitude may be taken in the shades of colors that can be harmoniously blended. One of the most attractive arrangements of coloring will be to work the violets in three or four violet shades, the stems in a light olive-green, and the ribbons and bows in two shades of light pink. The buttonholing around the edge can be in pure white or in a pale

apple-green shade. Another effective result can be had by embroidering the violets in the violet shades, the stems in pale green, the ribbons in either light blue or cream-color in two shades, and the edge in shell-pink. When combining blue with violet it will require careful selection to avoid

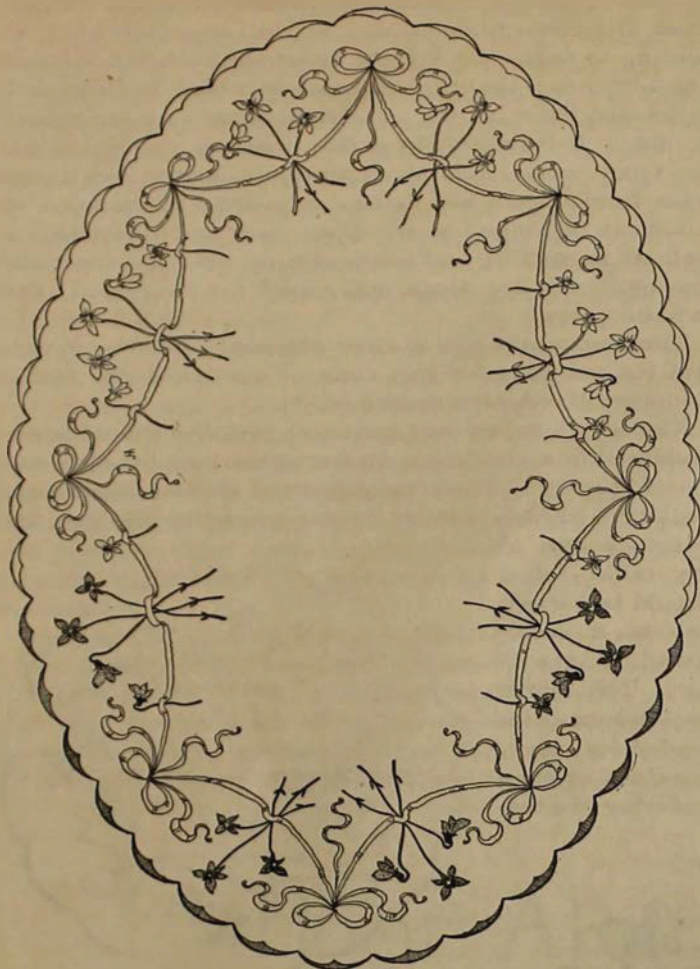


DOILEY.



RUNNING BORDER.





CARVING-CLOTH.

shades that will clash, as the two colors are difficult to combine; yet just the right shades produce a harmonious effect. Still another good scheme is to embroider the designs on unbleached or buff-colored linen, using the violet and green for the flowers and stems, pink for the ribbon, and white for the edge. This would make a pretty set for the luncheon-table, and could be completed with buff napkins having a bow-knot and violets embroidered in the corners, and a violet border on the table-cloth.

The simple and attractive design for the ends of a buffet or dresser scarf may be carried out in any of the color-schemes already suggested. The width and length of the scarf must of course be governed by the size of the dresser or buffet for which it is intended, but a width of eighteen inches will be about right, and the length may vary from fifty-four to seventy-two inches. Between the edge and the ribbon, threads are drawn, and a line of hem or fagot stitching is worked. The running design of ribbons and violets is to be carried across from one end to the other, connecting the large bunch of violets in the middle of each end as shown. The coloring may be carried out as suggested for the other pieces, or, if preferred, white or pale yellow violets with light green stems can be embroidered in place of the purple ones. Pink, in two shades of light salmon, will work in the ribbon with good effect, and the buttonholing along the edge can be done in pale green, a delicate shade of violet, or in white.

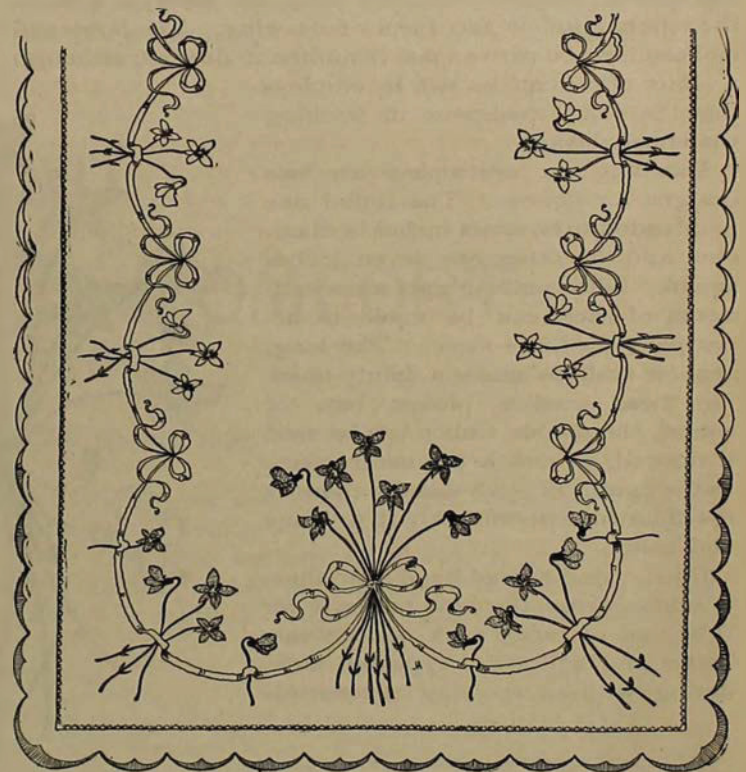
The detached bunch of violets tied with a ribbon is a suggestion for various odd pieces, or for use in a violet room, where such a spray can be embroidered on cushions for chairs or divans, or in the middle of pillow-shams, and on bed-spread and draperies, where a running border

of the violets can be worked also. The bunch measures about eight inches high and is composed of nine flowers; but it is a simple matter to increase or diminish it according to the purpose for which it is used, being careful only that the arrangement of the violets is such that it gives every flower a distinct position without crowding, thus enabling the embroiderer to carry out the form and shading of the natural flowers in an accurate manner.

The design for a running border and corner can be used for many purposes. It will be found appropriate for table-covers, portières, carving-cloths, or other pieces large enough for a vine measuring about four inches in width.

In drawing these designs care has been taken to place the violets in their natural position, and to avoid crowding and confusion. The general proportions of the designs have been made to conform to the uses to which the several pieces may be put, and in carrying them out it would be well to keep as nearly as convenient to the sizes suggested.

It will not be a difficult matter to follow any of these patterns; and while some of them may seem to represent a great deal of work, they will not prove tedious when begun. Although they have been drawn for application to dining-table and bedroom linens, they may be adapted to other uses also, and for odd and fancy pieces of needle-



SCARF-END.

work they may be employed to good advantage. Any of them will prove very effective embroidered solid in white linen floss on colored denims or heavy colored linens; or if novel effects are desired, without regard to natural coloring, the widest latitude may be indulged in. The colored linens are very popular, and light blue, buff, pink, apple green, and pearl gray are the most serviceable shades, being less liable to fade than others, while at the same time they harmonize better with any colors which may be chosen for embroidering them.

HELEN MAR ADAMS.\*

\* Perforated patterns of any of these designs, in working size, and stamped linen can be obtained from the author by addressing her in care of DEMAREST'S MAGAZINE.



# SANITARIAN

## THE USE AND ABUSE OF SUMMER SPORTS.

### HOME REMEDIES FOR OVER-EXERTION.

THE "summer girl" of 1897 is a sportswoman. She rides a bicycle and she plays tennis; if she is rich, she rides horseback and plays golf; and, rich or poor, she is sure to swim and row, fish and hunt, and is a pedestrian with many miles "to the good."

When she packs for her summer outing her rooms have the appearance of a small sporting-goods shop; but with all her packing she sometimes fails to pack wisdom. Her wheel and her racquet may be up-to-date, but her judgment needs renovating. Her rod and rifle may be of the most improved pattern and in the best condition, but her common sense is, sometimes a bit rusty and needs taking out of the case, burnishing up, and getting in shape for all sorts of emergencies during the summer vacation.

There really should be a society organized in each city every season just preceding the exit to the country. There should be no fees required, and no limit to the membership; and the young women should devote their hours to the study of "common sense in its novel relationship to summer sports."

The very modern girl who plans her summer trip, whether it be for days or months, plans for a season of exercise rather than rest; and this is all very well in its way if she understands the abuse as well as the use of exercise, and knows the disastrous effects of over-exertion, especially when the muscles and vital organs have been allowed to lie more or less dormant all winter.

Take, to begin with, that most useful, sensible, and healthful of modern exercises, bicycle-riding; the injury it is capable of doing the uninformed girl or woman who regards it as an unmixed blessing is simply incalculable. Perhaps her wheel had been in storage all winter, and her riding in the fall had not exceeded some two dozen trips in cool, crisp weather and on a level asphalt street. Away she goes, however, over the rough country roads, up hill and down dale, the blood rushing to her head and her heart pumping like a high-pressure engine. It is well if she chances to meet an acquaintance, an old rider who recognizes the symptoms, cuts the ride short, stores the wheel away in some convenient farmhouse, and forces the breathless, exhausted maiden to walk slowly home, or, better still, bundles her into a carriage and drives back over the hills.

Once home she should be treated to a dose of aromatic spirits of ammonia (a teaspoonful in three-fourths of a glass of water) to set the heart right, a cup of hot water to bring the blood to the stomach, a thorough rubbing with a crash towel, rest, quiet, and a light luncheon. If the evil effects are not too far-reaching she will be all right in twenty-four hours and ready for another spin; which, however, she will do well to make a short one, and be prepared to dismount at the slightest suggestion of irregular heart-action.

Muscular women who are accustomed to continued physical exertion find bicycle-riding uphill a matter of no inconvenience; but where the heart has been used in a lazy fashion, allowed to evade at least one-half of its actual work, it can't be cured of its faults in a day.

Where the rider starts out without a friend or common sense and rides to a condition of complete exhaustion the following treatment will be found as beneficial as any: The body should be sponged with alcohol and sea-salt, followed by thorough massage with camphorated oil and vigorous rubbing. For an alcoholic and sea-salt rub, take half a cupful of alcohol and add all the salt that can be dissolved. When necessary to substitute table salt for sea-salt, pour half a teacupful of salt in a bowl, and add a half-cupful of alcohol, a tablespoonful at a time, as it dissolves.

Never give food or drink immediately after over-exertion, except something in the line of a stimulant, and that should not be cold. Food and drink should only be given after the rubbing, etc., when the patient is lying still and resting. If the injury in riding has been brought on by exposure to the sun, a cold-water sponge-bath should be given in place of the alcohol, ice-bags should be placed on the head and back of the neck, and cooling, though not ice-cold, drinks given after the bath. But all this trouble can be easily avoided by riding for only a short time, on fairly level ground, and increasing the time and the grade little by little.

After a ride of ordinary length and difficulty it is both cleanly and hygienic to indulge in a tepid sponge-bath; if there is any tendency to lameness or stiffness, wet the joints and muscles with sweet oil, drink a cup of hot water, rest, if possible, for a half-hour, and the muscles and stomach and head will be found to be in excellent condition.

It is a good plan on returning from any outdoor exercise to bathe the face in tepid water, using a soft cloth and olive-oil soap. After drying the skin rub in some preparation of pure cold cream. The dust which accumulates on the skin, whether when riding, driving, or walking, is very injurious to the complexion. The moisture induced by the exercise opens the pores, and the dust, which is likely to be any variety of microbe, is absorbed into the system. To render the skin healthy and beautiful, always bathe immediately after exercising. By the time the bath is over and the rest or nap taken, the cream is absorbed, and the face should then be wiped with a soft cloth and dusted with talcum powder.

Care of the hair is important in all outdoor sports. If the hair is naturally oily the dust is sure to settle in it, rendering it untidy in appearance and unpleasant to handle. If dry, the dust sifts through to the scalp, clogs the pores, stops the growth of the hair, and gives it a dull, "whispy" appearance. If the hair is not too dry it should be bathed at least once a week in tepid water containing the least possible solution of ammonia. It should invariably be brushed after any outdoor exercise, and kept free from all unguents and perfumes.

Care of the hands and feet is a serious matter for the sportswoman. It is impossible to keep the hands soft, white, and dainty without wearing gloves at all times, and this the genuine sport-loving girl scorns to do. Sun-burned, swollen hands cannot be made pretty for a ball-



room frock. The utmost that can be achieved is to keep the skin smooth, the nails neatly manicured, and the wounds and bruises healed. The salt-and-alcohol rub is excellent treatment for hands swollen from rowing. Use cold cream for blistered hands, and extract of witch-hazel for sunburn on both face and hands.

The girl who wishes to keep her feet in good condition for tiny dancing-slippers will "go in" for loose, flexible boots in the daytime for hunting, riding, and tramping. Not only are tight leather boots uncomfortable, but they are positively dangerous in warm weather for bicycle riding. They overheat the muscles of the legs and induce too profuse perspiration; the result is weakness, flabby muscles, and, in some instances, serious trouble with the veins. Unless possible to get boot-tops of thin leather, wear low shoes with lisle-thread stockings in golf colors.

After golf, rowing, and tennis, the tepid bath should follow, both for personal comfort and for health. An excellent bit of advice regarding treatment for over-exertion from horseback-riding is given by a famous English jockey. He says: "It is well to omit a bath, either tepid or cold, and begin the treatment with vigorous massage over the heart, lungs, and stomach, as well as over the muscles and joints. Follow this with a liberal use of olive oil in an energetic rubbing of muscles and joints; then help to restore the circulation and invigorate the flesh by a thorough clapping, such as is given at the Turkish baths. With the body all in a glow the *equestrienne* should be immediately dressed and forced to walk either out of doors or up and down a room or a hall, until the blood is tingling through every vein, and the muscles, instead of being stiff and painful, are supple and responsive as India-rubber."

The question is often asked, "Is a cold bath dangerous immediately after strenuous exertion?" It all depends upon the constitution of the sportswoman. A vigorous, healthy woman, with fine heart-action, strong lungs, and splendid reactionary power, could follow a long bicycle-ride in the sun with a cold bath and come out of it blooming as a rose; but for the delicate girl, or the girl with the slightest pulmonary or heart difficulty, it would be disastrous, and might even be fatal.

A girl who is swimming for the first time, or even the first time in the season, should watch herself carefully, and should always be with friends. If there is the slightest tendency to a chill, with blueness about the lips, she should leave the water, at least temporarily; for these are the indications of poor heart-action, which leads to cramps in the water. If, however, the cramp comes without warning, use the following remedies, and the sooner the better:

Remove the wet bathing-suit instantly, and while waiting for hot blankets rub the body with hot alcohol, apply hot-water bags to the feet and stomach, pile up the blankets when well heated, and give some stimulant; aromatic spirits of ammonia is excellent.

Although the hunting-maid is a sportswoman of the deepest dye, capable of selecting her own firearms, cleaning them, and carrying them, too, she is nevertheless

human and prone to error, and accidents are sometimes her portion. The most serious accident in forest or field is a gun-shot wound. Where there are two people present, one should start instantly for a doctor, while number two should give his attention to stopping the flow of blood. If there is but one witness to the accident the whole responsibility rests with him, and he must first staunch the blood and then seek aid. If a person is but cool-headed and quiet-handed he can achieve excellent results with most primitive methods. A handful of loose sand will serve, or moist clay; if neither is in reach, try leaves or grass; and if Nature refuses any assistance, use a handkerchief, a necktie, or hat-band. The thing is to use something to stop the loss of blood and not waste a second.

Whatever is placed over the wound should be held closely to force the blood back and allow it to coagulate and form a protection itself. If necessary to leave an injured person in order to get aid, place the wounded arm or hand or leg so that the blood will flow back from the wound. Use a stimulant at once, if convenient, as heart-action is apt to weaken from the shock. Never attempt to dress a shot-wound without a nurse or physician.

Few women dress comfortably and healthfully for sports. Corsets should be discarded, and tight shoes or gloves and high linen collars are all conducive to misery, if not to positive suffering. An old-fashioned sailor-blouse is the most satisfactory sort of a bodice to wear. It looks trim and pretty without a corset, and is generally becoming worn with a soft, low, rolling collar. Physicians now declare that stiff, high collars are particularly injurious to the bicyclist. They are not only dangerous in case of a fall, but overheat the neck and induce throat weakness, quinsy, etc.

Golfing and rowing in the sun, and for too long a time early in the season, when the muscles are soft and the heart not yet "geared up" sufficiently, will surely lead to disastrous results, as in the case of careless bicycling or driving; and the remedies to be used in case of over-exertion in these sports are similar to those already given.

The girl or woman who intends to profit by her summer vacation of one or many weeks will adopt for her motto the two monosyllables "Go slow"; and if she is very judicious she will adjust herself to the change of air, water, and diet, before exercising at all. Forty-eight hours of complete rest is an excellent preparation for the first row or ride or mountain tramp. Over-exertion from walking is as dangerous as from riding or rowing, and should be followed by rest and the utmost relaxation.

Here's a last word of advice to the athletic "summer girl" of '97: "Pack your common sense with your sporting-goods, and carve your motto 'Go slow' on the handle-bars of your wheel, on the handle of your racquet, the pommel of your saddle, on your fishing-rod and rifle, on your oars, and, last of all, on your conscience;" for it is every woman's duty to keep well and strong during her vacation, for the happiness of her friends as well as of herself.

JEANNETTE BELLE.

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## THE TOOTHsome SALAD.

**A** SALAD, craftily compounded, is at all times refreshing and appetizing, and certainly repays in its general effect—pleasing to the eye no less than to the palate—the expenditure upon it of much pains; and it may be said in passing, if there be any poetry at all in food, nothing appeals more to the artistic sense than a carefully prepared and prettily served salad; and certainly nothing puts the “dotlet-on-the-eye” finish to a dinner so well as an attractive salad spiced with a bit of originality.

The construction of a salad is delicate and complex, and is not to be trusted to hurried or inexperienced hands. The art of serving it to suit the epicure is a science; and in nothing can the talent of the housewife more creditably display itself than in a tempting, satisfying salad, judiciously flavored. Novel ideas are always in demand, yet simple materials present endless possibilities to the skillful housewife; and the successful salad concocted from “left-overs” is counted among her triumphs.

Shrimp, oyster, lobster, and, in fact, all fish salads are delicious served in cucumbers. Peel the cucumbers with a sharp knife, and cut them in halves lengthwise. Scrape out the seeds, and place the cucumbers in ice-water for an hour.

For an oyster salad, open one dozen oysters, or as many as necessary. The small oysters are the best for this purpose. Drain thoroughly and drop them into a flat enameled saucepan, being careful that all touch the bottom at once, and are thus heated equally. Watch them carefully; as soon as they begin to ruffle stir and turn them about with a silver fork, and when they are plump drain them immediately. They must on no account be allowed to boil. In the meanwhile the liquor drained from the oysters in the first instance has been carefully strained and placed on ice to become very cold. When the oysters look plump, carefully lift each with a fork and drop it into the icy cold liquor; allow them to remain for two or three seconds, then drain again effectually. By this means the plump appearance of the oyster as well as its flavor is preserved. Squeeze over the oysters a tablespoonful of lemon-juice, sprinkle with pepper, and place them on ice to become thoroughly chilled. When about to serve, mix the oysters with a French dressing or with *mayonnaise*. Wipe the cucumbers dry with a soft cloth and fill with the oysters. Arrange on a flat dish with small lettuce-leaves as a border.

A very pretty salad is a combination of shrimps and cucumber jelly. Carefully pick the shrimps and set on ice. Peel and slice three large cucumbers; add to them one small onion, a stalk of celery, a tiny blade of mace, and one pint of water. Boil until the cucumbers are soft, about half an hour, and season with salt and Cayenne pepper. Soak half an ounce of gelatine in a little water for twenty minutes, and add it to the cucumbers; stir

until well dissolved, then strain; when partly cool add sufficient parsley juice to give a faint green color. The parsley is prepared in this manner: procure some tender parsley leaves, wash and dry them, and pound in a mortar until the juice is extracted. Strain the juice through a fine cloth into a tea-cup, which place in a saucepan of boiling water; let it become hot to remove the raw taste, when it will be ready for use. A few drops will produce a pretty shade of green. Pour the jelly into a round border-mold and set on ice. When firm invert on a flat dish, and fill the centre with the shrimps mixed with equal parts of shredded lettuce and moistened with *mayonnaise*. Garnish the edge of the dish with small, delicate lettuce-leaves.

The tomato salad will always hold its own. The tomato is such a satisfactory thing to deal with, and lends itself easily to the assimilation and blending of flavors. Peel the tomatoes with a very sharp knife, and be sure they are icy cold. A novel idea is to cut the tomatoes in the form of small bricks about two inches long and one inch in width and thickness. With these tiny bricks lilliputian representatives of ruins are built, thick *mayonnaise* serving as mortar. They are placed in a bed of shredded lettuce mixed with *mayonnaise*, and garnished with egg daisies. These are made by grating the yolk of a hard-boiled egg, placing a little of it in the centre, and arranging the petals, made of narrow strips of the white of the egg, about the yellow centres.

A frozen tomato salad is always popular. Peel the tomatoes with a sharp knife and chop fine; season with salt and pepper and a dash of lemon juice; turn into a freezer and freeze solid. When the pulp is congealed it may be molded as fancy dictates, and served on a bed of lettuce with *mayonnaise*. Another pretty variation of tomato salad is made with the tiny cherry tomatoes. Peel thinly and set on ice. Select some large bell-peppers, sweet and mild in flavor with but sufficient piquancy to bite the tongue lovingly. Remove the stalks and scoop out the seeds; cut them across the grain into thin, even shavings; arrange on a pretty flat dish, making a circle of the peppers; fill the centre with the tomatoes, and pour over all a thick *mayonnaise*. Garnish the dish with nasturtium blossoms.

Any salad may be prettily served in tomatoes. Select tomatoes of uniform size; peel with a sharp knife, cut a slice from the stem end, and remove the seeds and part of pulp. Fill with prepared salad, letting the filling come well above the tomato, and serve on a bed of lettuce leaves. Sweetbreads, boiled and cooled, and cut into inch-cubes, mixed with an equal amount of finely cut celery or shredded lettuce with *mayonnaise*, make an excellent filling; and veal, chicken, asparagus, hard-boiled eggs and nut salads are all close rivals.

(Continued on Page 601.)



# THE WORLD'S PROGRESS

## The Shaw Monument and the Negroes.

The recent dedication in Boston of the memorial to Colonel Shaw was signalized by the eloquent and patriotic address of that Afro-American leader Professor Booker T. Washington. He said: "It would be hard for any white man to appreciate to what an extent the negro race reveres and idolizes the name of Colonel Shaw; not so much for what he did, as for the prin-



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THE SHAW MEMORIAL.

ciple for which he stood. Recently I had the privilege of reading a private letter written by Colonel Shaw's mother to Major George L. Stearns, who was largely instrumental in recruiting and forming the Fifty-fourth (Massachusetts) Regiment of colored troops. In this letter Mrs. Shaw says: "It will be the proudest day of my life when I can see my only boy at the head of a negro regiment." At this distance few can realize what such an expression meant at that time. Here we have the only son of one of the most cultivated and distinguished families in the North willing to resign a position in a successful white regiment to cast his fortune with a negro regiment. There were but few in the North who favored the experiment of making the negro a soldier, and still fewer who favored putting the negro soldier on absolute equality with the white soldier. There were few who thought the negro would be a success as a soldier. His courage and ability were doubted. Beyond all this he belonged to a servile race. It was the open boast of the Southern soldiers that negro soldiers would be given no quarter,—that if captured, neither they nor their officers would be dealt with in accordance with the rules of civilized war. In making his decision, Colonel Shaw had all this to face. When Governor Andrew and his father once made him see that it was his duty to head the negro regiment he did not hesitate for a moment. Neither the danger on the battlefield nor the threatened loss of social position had weight with him. He counted his own life as nothing if it might be used in saving the country and freeing the black man. Soon there came to his aid as officers dozens of men who represented the bluest and best blood in the North. From the time that Colonel Shaw organized this black regiment until the present, the negro has been a success as a soldier, as is proved by the fact that there are now several fine colored regiments enlisted in the regular service. Besides, every Southern State now has several companies of colored militia. In Alabama there is a colored regiment that is on the same footing as the white regiments of that State.

"Colonel Shaw succeeded in making the negro a soldier because he had faith in him as a man. Anyone will succeed in dealing with the negro who has faith in him in any capacity."

## The Central American Exposition at Guatemala.

The Central American Exposition in the capital of Guatemala has proved a success, at least for the countries especially interested, namely, Guatemala, Honduras, Salvador, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica. Of the seventeen chief buildings

erected, the largest contains the exhibition of the products of the greater republic of Central America, recently established. A significant sign of the kind feeling entertained toward the great republic of North America is the fact that California's exhibit has been granted a place in this same structure.

The other buildings are destined for the articles exhibited by the United States, England, Germany, France, Belgium, and Italy. Separate buildings have been erected for machinery, electricity, art, hygiene, etc. Two are used for administrative offices and reception-rooms. Another large building is occupied by stores, and restaurants occupy nine different pavilions. Magnificent gardens and wide grounds are adorned with fountains and statuary. All neighboring States vying with each other to exhibit in Guatemala, great results are expected from their united action for the formation of a general union of the Central American Republics. Free intercourse and the abolition of all duties between the States would naturally unite them more closely, commercially as well as politically. For our own country such success would mean a largely facilitated and increased export to people hitherto provided for by Europe.

A peculiar feature of the enterprise is the list of high premiums offered for the operation of coal fields discovered in Guatemala territory; and the exhibit of native plants and flowers is chiefly intended to attract the attention of foreign visitors to the great number of medicinal herbs and textile plants of the native flora, with a view of introducing them into the world's markets and medical science.

## Women in the Professions.

The last census report shows that in the past ten years alone the number of women employed "in the gainful occupations" increased 48 per cent., as against a masculine increase of only 28 per cent. Going back still further, that is, to 1870, we find that in the period from the aforesaid year to 1890 the number of women so employed had increased from 92,257 to 311,687. These are the official figures. The number engaged in the various professions is given in the following table:

	1870.	1890.
Actors.....	692	3,949
Architects.....	1	22
Artists and teachers of art.....	412	10,815
Authors and literary and scientific persons.....	159	2,725
Chemists, assayists, and metallurgists.....	....	39
Clergymen.....	67	1,143
Dentists.....	24	337
Designers, draughtsmen, and inventors.....	13	305
Engineers (civil, mechanical, electrical, and mining).....	....	124
Journalists.....	35	888
Lawyers.....	5	208
Musicians and teachers of music.....	5,753	34,519
Officials (government).....	414	4,875
Physicians and surgeons.....	527	4,557
Professors and teachers.....	84,047	246,066
Theatrical managers, showmen, etc.....	100	634
Veterinary surgeons.....	....	2
Other professional service.....	8	479
Totals .....	92,257	311,687

It will be noticed from this that the greatest increase was in the number of professors and teachers, an occupation for which women have many high natural qualifications; (2) in the number of musical instructors, and (3) in the line of artistic work, properly so-called, an exemplification, it would appear, of the truth of the claim that women tend naturally to the esthetic pursuits. A notable growth was in the increase of women preachers, from 67 to 1,143, despite the rules which exclude women from the pulpits of several sects. Indeed, the detailed report very clearly shows that the professional ambition of women is now bounded only by the range of the professions themselves, and wherever it is possible they are seeking to carve out new occupations for their talents. Domestic pursuits, while still gladly followed when the affections lead, have lost the claim to a monopoly of feminine service. The old rules have been broken; the bars let down. He would be a wise man who could tell where the "incursion" will stop.

Every factory in the country now has its quota of women employés. Some are run by them exclusively. In many instances they manage the finances of the enterprise as well as turn out



the product. They are bookkeepers, telegraph operators, ticket agents, solicitors, collectors, any and everything to which virtue may turn for existence without the sacrifice of any real modesty. We have said that the greatest increase was in the number of professors and teachers, but that assertion refers only to the so-called learned pursuits. In the manufacturing and mechanical business alone the number of women engaged leaped in twenty years from 353,997 to 1,027,242, an almost three-fold increase.

### Climbing Mount St. Elias.

This great Alaskan peak is again coming into general notice from the fact that two expeditions have been fitted out for the purpose of climbing it this summer. Mr. Henry G. Bryant, of Philadelphia, is at the head of one, while Prince Luigi, of Italy, and Signor Vittorio Sella, the latter a member of the English Alpine Club and a very successful amateur photographer,

are the leading members of the other. Mt. St. Elias is one of the most interesting peaks in existence. It measures over eighteen thousand feet in height, and while higher mountains are found elsewhere, it is doubtful whether any other presents a more imposing appearance. It is situated so near the coast that it may be seen throughout its whole height from the Pacific Ocean, while most other great mountains are seen from considerable elevations. Then, too, perpetual snow descends almost to the base of the mountain, which is about two thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea, and the southerly base is surrounded by great glaciers thirty to sixty miles in length,

which do not terminate till they reach the ocean. Fifteen thousand feet of almost uninterrupted ice and snow may thus be seen on this peak, or seven thousand more than are seen on Mont Blanc, with a height of nearly sixteen thousand feet. Four expeditions have thus far attempted to reach its summit, but all have failed.

### Wood Mosaic of Sawdust.

"In the reports of the Industrial Union," says *The Yale Scientific Monthly*, "mention is made of a new process of making floor mosaic. Small particles of wood, as sawdust, wood flour, and fine shavings, are treated first with a mixture of shellac and alcohol, and then with a cement made of curd and slacked lime. While this mixture is still damp it is put into hot molds of the desired shape and size, and placed under pressure. The joint action of the heat and pressure unites the wood most thoroughly with both the shellac and the cement. After a few minutes the compound is taken out of the molds, when it is thoroughly cooled and hardened. Great care is necessary that no foreign substance especially of an oily nature, be present, as it would prevent the cement from being absorbed into the pores of the wood. In making multi-colored mosaic the natural color of the woods used is taken into consideration, then the wood itself is dyed, and lastly dyes dissolved in alcohol are mixed with the shellac. The process is then performed as before. In spite of its hardness this compound possesses all the perfection of wood, so that it is particularly well adapted for use as a floor covering in living-rooms and private dwellings. An important advantage over all other processes of manufacturing mosaic floors is that it is not affected by any change of temperature."

### Drummers at Jerusalem.

According to the British consular reports presented to Parliament, the railroad from Jaffa to Jerusalem has proved a far greater commercial success than was anticipated even by those who were most sanguine about its future. It has carried more than twenty thousand tons of merchandise to Jerusalem during the last six months, and has led to the invasion of the Holy City by some eighty to one hundred drummers, four of whom were Americans, eight English, and about fifty German. Moreover, public works are proceeding apace in Palestine, and the River Jordan is now spanned by a handsome bridge, while steamboats travel up and down the stream and likewise traverse the often stormy waters of the Sea of Galilee.

### A New Use for the Catacombs.

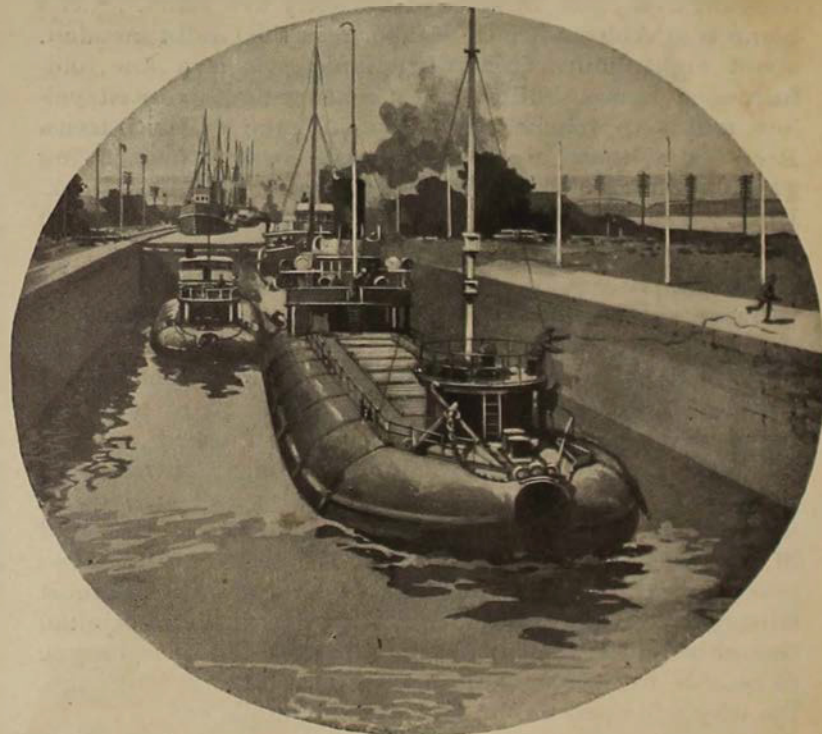
A new and essentially nineteenth-century use has been discovered for the catacombs by which the subsoil of Paris is honeycombed. The subterranean galleries of this kind beneath the Jardin des Plantes have now been converted into a species of laboratory and aquarium. A number of them have been fitted with reservoirs and glass tanks, while in others the niches that once contained human bodies have been converted into cages, where scientists are able to study the effect of total and partial darkness upon animal life.

### A New Era in Lake Navigation.

There are only four ports in the world having greater commerce by water than Chicago and Buffalo. These are London, Liverpool, Hamburg, and New York, and they are open for shipping the entire year, while navigation on the lakes is closed for four months in the winter season. The fact that the "Soo" Canal has far greater traffic than the Suez also strikingly demonstrates the enormous activity on the lakes. The net registered tonnage of vessels passing through the "Soo" Canal during a season of less than eight months in 1895 was 16,886,781, while the Suez Canal carried only 8,448,383 tons during the entire year.

Facilities for transportation and improvement in handling freight are fully commensurate with all requirements. The lake service now amounts to one-third as much as that of all the railways in the United States combined. The ton-mileage movement of freight upon the lakes last year was 26,500,000,000, while the railway ton-mileage was 82,250,000,000. The construction of lake vessels has undergone radical changes of late years. A few years ago the regulation lake-vessel was about three hundred feet long, forty feet beam, and twenty-four and a half feet deep. The up-to-date lake steamer is four hundred and thirty feet long, forty-eight feet beam, and twenty-six feet deep. These ships are too large for the present channels, as they cannot be loaded to their full capacity. They are built for the twenty-one-foot channels that the government engineers propose to furnish in the near future.

The new American lock at the "Soo," which was opened this season, is the largest lock in the world. Its completion marks a new era in lake navigation. It is twice as big as the



WHALE-BACK STEAMER AND CONSORT IN LOCK.

old one, being eight hundred feet long between the gates, and these are double, so in case of any damage to one the other may be used. It is one hundred feet wide, and twenty-one feet deeper than the mean level of the river, as it will admit a ship drawing twenty-one feet of water over the lower sill. Mr. John D. Rockefeller is having built, at the Globe Iron Works of Cleveland, Ohio, the finest fleet of freight steamers in the world. They are named in honor of celebrated scientists who have in different ways developed the progress of the iron industry. Iron ore from Lake Superior mines is the cargo they are to haul.



## IN THE WORLD OF LETTERS AND ART.

THE ROYAL MUSEUM OF AMSTERDAM has acquired a famous canvas by Rembrandt, formerly the property of the family of Van Weide van Dykvelde of Utrecht. It is a life-size portrait of a noblewoman, her right hand hanging by her side, and her left resting upon the back of a chair and holding a fan. There is in the British Museum a preliminary sketch for this picture, which was painted in the year 1639.

VERY SPRIGHTLY, charming, and quite out of the ordinary, are the essays by Miss Louise Imogene Guiney, just published under the title "Patrins." In the dedication to Mr. Bliss Carmen, Miss Guiney explains that "A *Patrin*, according to *Romano Lavo-Lil*, is a gypsy trail: handfuls of leaves or grass cast by the gypsies on the road, to denote, to those behind, the way which they have taken." The meaning of which is that Miss Guiney is an interesting guide through pleasant by-paths to out-of-the-way experiences and glimpses of forgotten people.

IT IS NOT generally known that "Lucas Malet" is the pen-name of a daughter of Charles Kingsley. She is the widow of the Rev. William Harrison, late rector of her famous father's parish. Of her writing it has been said, "She writes seldom that she may write well." She herself characterizes her latest novel, "The Carissima," as "a modern grotesque;" which does not mean at all that it is a novel of purpose or realistic, but simply that although a modern society story it is irregular, and does not follow hackneyed lines. Mrs. Harrison's style resembles that of Henry James.

AN Englishman who recently visited Björnson at his home in Norway says that the Norwegian novelist is as buoyant as a child in spite of his sixty-five years. "His home is at Aulestad, near Faaberg, in the Gudbranstalen, about eight hours from Christiania. It is a fine, old-fashioned house, built about a century ago, painted yellow, and is approached by a long avenue of birch-trees. Round the house are several flagstaves, with flags flying gayly. The place has a cheerful and optimistic look. Björnson in his person and in his life gives to Norwegian pessimism the lie."

MADAME BLANC, of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, contributes an interesting article, descriptive and historical, upon the great French review, to a recent number of McClure's Magazine. The founder and long-time editor, Charles Buloz, never paid any attention to an author's name when reading a manuscript, and cared nothing whatever for letters of recommendation. Contributions were judged purely upon their merits; and perhaps it will surprise many disappointed scribblers to be told that M. Buloz stood not alone in the editorial field, but has many counterparts in America. It is the ambition of most editors to discover genius; and if a writer has any original thoughts and sufficient command of his mother tongue to be able to express them in clear and forceful language, the way will open to him to reach the public ear.

CARAN D'ACHE, the famous humorous draughtsman, is a Russian by birth, but of French descent. His grandfather was one of Napoleon's soldiers, and remained in the great Northern Empire when the remnants of the *Grande Armée* straggled back to France after their fatal campaign. The real name of this unique artist is Emanuel Poirée, and his *nom de guerre* is Russian for crayon or lead pencil. M. Poirée affects an eccentricity in dress, which has led him into some trifling embarrassments, as when he was invited to a dinner at the Russian

Embassy, in honor of the Grand Duke Alexis, and appeared in an evening suit of chocolate cloth, with waistcoat of gay brocade and buckled slippers. The Ambassador drew him aside immediately upon his entrance and said: "M. Poirée, dinner will be ready in fifteen minutes, but it will not be served until you return to your house and dress yourself properly. Pray hurry off, and do not keep us waiting too long."

BY COMMON consent of the critics the honor of writing the great book of the year seems to belong to Poland's most distinguished man of letters, Henryk Sienkiewicz. "Quo Vadis," the book about which so much has been said and written, is an historical novel giving a most vivid picture of Roman cruelty and luxury in the days of Nero, when Christian patience and fortitude were lighting the torches for that civilization which was to overcome paganism. The personality of the writer is as interesting as his book. Poor in his youth, he led a wandering existence for many years, and lived for a time with gypsies. In 1876 his journeys led him to this country, and he tried his luck in the gold-fields of California. The mine he developed, however, was a literary one, for his sketches of life on the Pacific coast which were sent to Warsaw attracted favorable attention, and brought him persuasive offers to return there and adopt literature as a profession.

MISS EMILY GLASGOW, the author of "The Descendant," is a bright-looking young girl, with keen brown eyes and chestnut hair, who looks more like the typical summer-girl than the earnest student-recluse that she is. Though she has written all the years of her short life, "The Descendant" is her first book, and the only thing she has published except a short story, entitled "A Woman of Tomorrow." Miss Glasgow's home is in Richmond, Va., and she is almost self-taught, delicate health preventing her attending school when a child; but she was turned loose in a large library, and developed an absorbing passion for books, which happily regulated itself with rare wisdom of selection. Before she was sixteen she had settled into systematic study of the world's great thinkers, scientific and political. History and natural law are her special interests, and she brings to her literary work an unusual endowment of preparation added to rare qualities of sympathy and insight into human emotions.

OUT-OF-DOOR literature is multiplying fast in these days, and everyone who tramps the fields and woods can find just the book needed to stimulate observation and interest in Nature's children. No foot of the way on the longest tramp will be devoid of interest if we look at the small things about us with the eyes of intelligence and these books of to-day give to the brain-weary mortal just the companionship needed. Olive Thorne Miller's "On the Tree-Tops," illustrated by J. Carter Beard, and Frank W. Chapman's "Bird Life, A Guide to the Study of Our Common Birds," will rouse the sluggard senses to listen and to watch for all the feathered folk of the forests, and give purpose to our wanderings; while "Familiar Features of the Roadside," by F. Schuyler Mathews, as its name implies, covers a wide field, and is a sort of *vade mecum*, talking to us in the most familiar way of "flowers and trees, insects and birds." Mr. Mathews says that the opening scherzo of Beethoven's Third Symphony is an exact imitation of the sounds made by the tree-crickets. In Miss Creevey's "Flowers of the Field, Hill, and Swamp," we have a book better than any botany for the unscientific observer, enabling any one of intelligence to identify every flower he finds.



ABOUT WOMEN.

DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE.

CONTENTS FOR AUGUST, 1897.

IT IS NOW SAID that Mme. Materna's concert in Vienna on April 22d was her farewell to public life.

MISS WINIFRED WARREN, daughter of President Warren of Boston University, has been elected to the chair of Latin at Vassar College. She is now in Europe, pursuing her studies.

MME. THÉRESE BENTZON, the well-known French novelist, has been awarded a prize of fifteen hundred francs by the French Academy for her recent book entitled "*Les Américaines Chez Elles*." ("American Women at Home.")

MISS MARY RACHEL DOBSON, a daughter of the English poet Austin Dobson, is living in Bombay, India, where she is one of the most active workers in the University Settlement for Women. The work is principally among the Parsees.

MISS CORA B. HERTZEL was recently appointed Assistant Corporation Counsel of the city of Chicago. She owes the honor entirely to the fact that she was considered especially fitted for the position. Neither politics nor influence, but simply legal capacity, was what determined her appointment by Mr. Thornton, the Corporation Counsel.

THE bronze figure of Winged Victory, presented by the State of Massachusetts to the new battleship named after that State, represents a woman, life size, with spread wings. She holds a sword with the word "Victory" on the blade. The motto, "By duty honor is won," is on the pedestal. The statue was designed by Bela Lyon Pratt.

MRS. J. H. FRENCH has bequeathed a large sum to Beloit College, in Wisconsin, but the legacy is coupled with the condition that vivisection must not be practiced in any department of the college. Violation of this condition will forfeit the legacy to the American Humane Society, which also receives a special bequest of ten thousand dollars from Mrs. French.

THERE are in France 2,150 women authors and journalists and about 700 women artists. The provinces contribute most of the writers,—about two-thirds,—while Paris is represented in the same proportion among the artists. Among the writers 1,000 are novelists, 200 are poets, 150 educational writers, and the rest writers of various kinds. The artists comprise 107 sculptors, and the others are painters, ranging over all branches of the pictorial art

MISS CHARLOTTE WHITE and her sister are two energetic young women who took up a claim in Blaine County, Oklahoma, when that territory was thrown open to settlers. They were so fortunate as to find a strong salt spring on their land, and they have established the Crystal Salt Works, which turn out about thirty barrels of salt daily. They hope to make enough from their enterprise to pay their way through college.

MISS ADELAIDE B. HASSE has resigned her position in Washington as librarian and chief assistant in the Bureau of Public Documents, to accept a similar one in the Astor Library in New York City. The chief of the Washington bureau calls her "a living index" because of her wonderfully accurate and complete knowledge of Uncle Sam's public documents; and it is for the purpose of regulating and classifying similar matter in the Astor Library that she has been added to the staff.

DR. ANNA MCFEE is the first woman to receive an appointment as resident physician in one of the city hospitals of New York. It was by the merest chance and merely for the drill in examination preparatory to trying for the "triple degree" in the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons in Edinburgh, that Dr. McFee applied for permission to pass the special examination held for the purpose of filling a vacancy on the resident staff of the Infants' Hospital. The ten men who competed were entirely distanced by Dr. McFee; and the resulting appointment is another proof of the adage that "When a woman will, she will."

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# MIRROR OF FASHIONS

## REVIEW OF FASHIONS.—AUGUST.

A PATTERN ORDER will be found at the bottom of page 609. Any number of patterns can be obtained on the order by sending **four cents** for each pattern. Write name and address distinctly.

The directions for each pattern are printed on the envelope containing it, which also bears a special illustration of the design.

**O**F first importance, now, in every woman's mind, are her traveling and outing gowns; and if selected with judgment and good taste they can be as becoming and quite as smart as any gowns in one's wardrobe. Never have we had a greater variety of fabrics to choose from, nor wider latitude in style of making; so it is an easy matter for every woman, by careful selection of the fabrics, colors, and modes of making which best suit her individuality, to achieve a degree of distinction in her dress.

The untrimmed skirt quite holds its own, in spite of the rumors to the contrary and the repeated efforts to displace it; the truth being that woman's taste has improved, and she is now educated to see the real distinction and elegance of the plain skirt when cut in the present graceful fashion.

Most of the tailor-gowns have absolutely plain skirts, and the only departure from this rule is the trimming with one row—or perhaps two or three close together—of mohair braid, put on straight around the foot of the skirt, and sometimes carried up the seams in trefoil designs. This style is shown in "A Smart Outing-Gown" in this number of DEMOREST'S. All elaborate designs in braiding and lavish use of braids remain the exceptions; occasionally a skirt is seen having narrow satin ribbon put on in a simple braiding pattern, but while this gives variety it is doubtful if it adds a single touch of smartness.

Mohairs, alpacas, and brilliantines, though not so popular as last season, are liked by many women because of their light, wiry texture and the manner in which they shed the dust. The latest idea in making them follows the fashion so much liked for *étamines*, canvases, and other semi-transparent materials; that is, the taffeta lining is made in a slip skirt, and the outside is attached to it only at the belt. They are gored in the usual manner, fitting smoothly at the waist, with only a little fullness in the back and flaring to a width of four yards at the foot, where they are finished with a three-inch hem.

The suits are completed with coats, blazers, or jackets, personal preference deciding the choice as much as anything else, although there is a slight disposition either to relegate the jacket to the most *négligée* of outing costumes, or to reserve it for dressier occasions. Coats are of two styles, tight-fitting and very short, with trim

regulation coat-revers and velvet-faced collar, or half-loose in front, fastening under a fly, and a trifle longer. Blazers are of the same length, but show more variety in the cut of the fronts and the shape of the revers. They sometimes fasten with one button above the bust, and again not at all; and are cut with square or rounded corners, and flare away sharply, or only enough to disclose the blouse-front. The question of sleeves has regulated itself by common sense and artistic taste, and everyone should be satisfied. For all tailor-gowns the modified *gigot* is the regulation style, and it is large enough to be becoming and comfortable, and small enough not to be intrusive.

*Étamines*, mozambiques, and *toiles de laine* are also very pleasant fabrics for traveling-gowns because of their light weight and their resistance to crumpling and musing. The length of the journey, its direction, and also the amount of traveling to be done should all be considered in selecting the gown which is to bear the most of the wear; and in the event of its being in northern latitudes, no better choice could be made than a dark blue storm serge or a covert cloth in gray or tan. The styles of making these heavier fabrics are the same except that the linings are not separate.

For dressier gowns the full blouse-waist refuses to give way to anything, and the very smartest style evolved from this established favorite is the belted blouse-coat, called in Paris *casaque*. There are, of course, many variations of this, also; it is double or single breasted, or it parts in the centre from throat to belt to disclose a very full front of lace-trimmed, tucked or plaited *chiffon*; it may also lap diagonally in surplice fashion, and have only one rever. Sometimes it is cut in the old style of a simple, half fitting *sacque*,—hence the Paris name; but many of them have the *basque* added below, so as to avoid the fullness under the belt. An illustration of this style, with pattern, is given in this number. Every description of soft woolen fabric, and all the lovely semi-transparent stuffs, as well as some washable cottons, are made in some variation of this style; and the beautiful belts and sashes worn with them add the last touch of elegance.

A late Parisian fancy is to trim the back of the corsage as fancifully as the front; thus, the back of a dressy little bolero is slashed to the neck and shows in the middle what in front would be called a surplice vest, made of contrasting silk laid in soft folds, and the V at the top is filled in with Venetian guipure over white satin. Another jacket has the slashed back laced together with narrow *soutache* forming two *quadrillé* diamonds, the whole opening being underlaid with scarlet silk.





A SMART OUTING-GOWN.  
FAYETTE BLAZER. KIRKLAND SKIRT.  
(See Page 592.)

### FRENCH LINGERIE.

(See Page 598.)

THE hand-made French *lingerie* is more fascinating than ever this season, being ornamented with every possible arrangement of tucks, insertion, lace, and embroidery. Looking at the dainty needlework, and noting the ingenuity with which new effects are evolved, we are forced to the conclusion that the question of time has no importance with the Parisian seamstress. There are few new shapes in any garments, and the only novelties in trimmings are fresh devices for combining lace, especially insertions, with fine lawns and cambric. The more cobwebby the material the daintier and more elaborate is the garment.

The principal feature in night-gowns continues to be fullness about the shoulders and neck and an abundant use of frills, either of lace, embroidery, or of nainsook trimmed with lace and insertion. We illustrate some very handsome models, which can be cut by either our "Empire" or "Mother Hubbard" patterns. The most elaborate of these are also quite suitable models for wrappers of sheer Victoria lawn, nainsook, or India silk. The Mother Hubbard gowns are trimmed in the back as in front, except that the second lace ruffle on one is omitted. The gowns are of nainsook, and the one with pointed yoke is trimmed with *point de Paris*, and the other with Valenciennes. Wrappers are made about a yard wider in the skirt than night-

gowns, and sometimes they are trimmed about the foot with overlapping ruffles or seven-inch flounces of nainsook and lace matching the ruffles on the shoulders.

Ribbons also play an important part in these dainty garments, and are run through or under insertions and tied in bows wherever possible. Fronts of Empire gowns are sometimes tucked down for three or four inches from the throat in very fine tucks, whence the fullness is unconfined, and below the tucks are crosswise bands of insertion put on straight or in Vandykes. The shoulder-collars are usually pointed into revers in front, and run down both sides of the front, well over the bust, and even to the waist-line. The backs of the Empire gowns are laid in box-plaits the depth of the yoke, and sometimes tucked to the waist. The embroideries used are of fine lace-like patterns, and they are put on as gathered ruffles or frills, not in straight edgings.

The very daintiest corset-covers are marvels of fine needlework, often being made entirely of rows of insertion between bands of linen cambric, nainsook, or silk. Fine embroidered beading heads most ruffles, whether of lace or embroidery, and is used in almost all joinings, between bands of tucks and insertion, and on all edges; often all the seams of silk under-garments, room-gowns, and *matinées*, are put together with it.

Chemises are shaped well to the figure, avoiding superfluous fullness around the waist, and the necks are cut



A GRAY GOWN.  
FERNHILL CORSET. SUTHERLAND SKIRT.  
(See Page 592.)

round, square, or V-shaped, and trimmed in many fanciful ways. There is an effort to revive the short sleeve, and some have epaulette trimmings of ruffles or points; but this seems "a day too late for the fair," because many gown sleeves are quite tight. Drawers are as wide as ever, and the widest ones—over half a yard as they lie double—are drawn in with ribbons run through insertions which head the invariably wide ruffles that finish them.



## A SMART OUTING-GOWN.

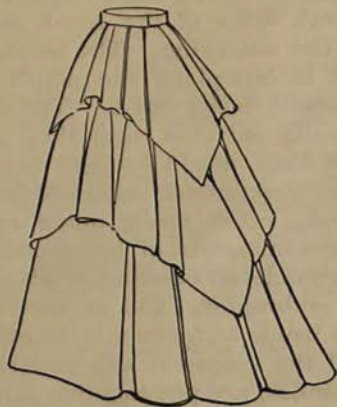
(See Page 591.)

In the multitude of mixed and checked fabrics and cloths of every hue with which women now clothe themselves, the old-time blue serge stands out with new distinction, because it is not so common, and because during this carnival of color plain fabrics are a positive rest to the eyes. Its friends know, too, how well it repays a little care, and that after the hardest usage a little

brushing, sponging, and pressing will restore its pristine freshness. The skirt of this gown is cut by the new "Kirkland" pattern, which has seven breadths and measures about four yards at the foot. It is lined with green-and-blue changeable taffeta, and has no interlining; a row of black mohair braid surrounds the foot of the skirt, and is carried up in a trefoil design on the front seams, about a third the length of the skirt. The back of the blazer—the "Fayette"—is fitted with the usual seams, and flares easily over the *tournure*, the centre seam of the skirt being open and lapped, and the side-forms having side-plaits. The seams of the side forms are covered with mohair braid which is twisted at the top and at the waist-line into trefoils. The collar is faced with dark blue velvet, and tiny gilt buttons ornament the fronts of the revers. The blouse-front, of which a separate pattern is given, and which is elsewhere described and illustrated, is of India silk, light blue

with a dark blue figure, and the buttons on the front plait are like those on the revers. The blazer should be hooked to the front at the waist-line and below the bust.

Notwithstanding we have frequently called attention to the absolute necessity of writing the name and full address in the spaces provided on our Pattern Orders, we are daily in receipt of numerous Orders without them. This may account for the non-receipt of patterns.



Drawn by Abby E. Underwood.

## OF ORGANDY OR SWISS MUSLIN.

BERENA CORSAGE.

KITTERA OVERSKIRT.

THE fabric of this extremely smart and becoming gown is *moiré velours*, having infinitely small checks in black and white, which give a clear, cool, gray tone. The skirt is the "Sutherland," having seven breadths and measuring a little over four yards at the foot; it is perfectly plain, lined with heliotrope taffeta, has no interlining, and is finished at the foot with black velveteen binding, which

shows only as a fine cord on the edge. The corsage—the "Fernhill"—is cut down in the neck and opened in front to show a *guimpe* of white *chiffon*, the fullness of which is held in place by a fitted lining. The *velours* part has a little fullness at the waist, but is plain across the shoulders. The epaulettes and girdle are of black velvet, and a narrow *passementerie* of jet and steel forms the other trimming, crossing the back as in front. The stock-collar of heliotrope ribbon is surmounted by a frill of lace. A black lace toque, almost covered with pink roses, is worn with this gown.

OF ORGANDY  
OR SWISS  
MUSLIN.

VIOLET-FLOWERED organdy with a cream ground is the fabric of this cool and summery-looking gown, and it is trimmed with Lierre insertion and heliotrope taffeta ribbon. For the lower skirt any gored pattern measuring from four to four and a half yards at the foot can be used, and it should be

hung over an underskirt of plain organdy or Swiss muslin cut by the same pattern, or a little narrower if preferred. This underskirt is finished at the foot with a six-inch hem or with narrow, overlapping ruffles. The pattern for the pointed overskirts is the "Kittera;" it is a style adapted only to tall and slender women, and is therefore given in but one size, medium. The edges





Drawn by Abby E. Underwood.

OF PLAIDED GINGHAM.  
OLIVE FROCK.

are finished with a row of insertion, and the two skirts should be mounted to the same belt; but, for convenience in folding, separately from the lower skirt. The corsage—the “Berena”—is a full blouse, the back similar to the front, with a fitted lining which can be cut high or low in the neck, as preferred; the lower row of insertion is carried around the back of the waist, like a bolero. The tight part of the sleeves is banded with the insertion in a spiral coiling around the arm, and the drapery at the top is finished on the edge with it. The girdle, stock-collar, and bows are of the taffeta ribbon. With pink or blue flowered muslins, white or black ribbons, or fancy striped gauze ones in which there is a little of the flower color are preferred; and with yellow-flowered ones the choice is usually black velvet or yellow ribbon.

OF PLAIDED GINGHAM.

This is a gay little frock of red-and-blue plaided gingham, and the model is also commended for dressier frocks of India silk, *toile de laine*, and challie. The full skirt is in straight breadths,—that is, it is not gored,—but all plaided stuffs are most effective cut on the bias. The fullness is laid in double box-plaits, and has much of the graceful effect of the old-time kilt skirts. The full surplice waist has a fitted lining, and the fullness droops a little all around the belt in blouse fashion; the back is plain across the shoulders, which are covered by the deep collar. The chemisette and cuffs are of all-over cambric embroidery, and ruffles of embroidery to match trim the revers and cuffs. The black velvet belt fastens under a rosette at one side. Lace can be used to trim India silks, and all of the soft, pretty woolens are effectively trimmed with narrow satin ribbons in frills or plain rows. The pattern is the “Olive,” in sizes for eight and ten years.

A YACHTING GOWN.

This smart gown for the seashore or yachting is made of blue serge combined with white, and trimmed with red-and-white braid. The skirt is the “Kirkland,” having seven gored breadths and measuring about four yards

at the root. A wide bias band of the white serge trims the foot of the skirt, and it is headed by five rows of the fancy braid set close together; other rows of the braid band the skirt at intervals, but short girls would better omit the upper rows.

The full blouse—the “Natica”—is slightly full in the back at the waist-line, but is plain across the shoulders. The lower rows of braid continue across the back, and there is a corresponding cluster across the shoulders in line with the upper rows. White serge faces the broad revers, and is used for the cuffs. Often an India silk blouse is worn under the serge one, but of course a sham front is all that is required, and this is sometimes most conveniently made on a plain, well-fitted, cambric corset-cover. Both red and white silk look well with the blue serge, and the stock-collar should match. The belt is of white leather, with a square harness-buckle; and the sailor hat is of blue straw, trimmed with white silk and blue feathers.



Drawn by Abby E. Underwood.

A YACHTING GOWN.  
NATICA BLOUSE. KIRKLAND SKIRT.



### A CHIC BLOUSE-COAT.

LIGHT blue-gray *étamine* is the fabric of this smart belted basque or coat, which completes a gown of the same pretty fabric. It is a very convenient gown for any wardrobe, being quite dressy enough for afternoon visits, drives, and receptions, yet not so conspicuous as to be out of place for short journeys, for which use its light weight and coolness make it very comfortable. The skirt is cut in the regulation style, untrimmed, finished at the foot



THE CONVENIENT BLOUSE-FRONT.

with a three-inch hem, and hangs loosely over a slip-skirt of blue taffeta. The blouse fits plainly across the shoulders, trimly about the arms, and has a little fullness at the waist-line. It is lined with taffeta like the skirt, and the fullness is gathered into a belt, to which the circle basque is attached. The revers are faced with ivory *faille*, and covered with many rows of pearl-edged black "baby" ribbon; the folded girdle is also of the ivory silk. A tucked chemisette of lawn or silk and a black satin tie complete the coat, and the hat worn with the costume is of fancy chip matching the *étamine*, and trimmed with striped satin ribbon in black and white. The pattern of the blouse-coat is the "Romelda."

### LADY'S CORSET-COVER.

THIS attractively simple corset-cover has been so generally liked for young girls that we have provided it now in sizes for ladies also. Its great advantages are that it is easily laundered, and the seams are reduced to a minimum, there being neither darts nor side-forms; a draw-string gathers the fullness in around the waist. The neck and arm-holes are finished with lace beading, which is whipped on to the edges, and to which a frill of narrow Valenciennes or thread lace is sewed. "Baby" ribbons run through the beading draw the neck in to the desired closeness. It is poor economy to make these dainty garments of anything but the best materials; they necessarily come to rather hard wear, however, and linen cambrics and nainsook give very little service.



A CHIC BLOUSE-COAT.

To wear under cloth or any dark gowns, pongee is both pleasant and very serviceable; and for use under white or thin gowns, fine cambrics, India longcloth, and China silk are very satisfactory. The pattern—the "Riga"—is in sizes for thirty-four and thirty-six inches bust measure.

### THE CONVENIENT BLOUSE-FRONT.

A HALF-DOZEN of these blouse-fronts are found a useful addition to the wardrobe at all seasons of the year; and they are especially convenient when traveling, because they take up so little room, are so quickly changed and adjusted in place, and at so trifling cost afford great variety. The model illustrated is of checked taffeta with a stock-collar of black velvet. The box plait is studded thickly for six inches below the neck with two rows of tiny ball buttons,—pearl, steel, silver, and gilt are used. The fullness at the waist is adjusted to a folded girdle of the taffeta which fastens in the back under a bow of ribbon. It is an excellent plan to fasten the coat, jacket, or blazer to the blouse-front with hooks and eyes placed at the waist line and just below the bust.

### AN ÉTAMINE FROCK.

(See Page 599.)

CADET-BLUE *Étamine* is the fabric of this charming frock, and it is trimmed with Venetian guipure. The gored skirt is finished at the foot with a narrow hem and two rows of insertion, and it is hung over a slip of red taffeta. Ribbon-cloth, percaline, and satine are the substitutes for silk when that is too expensive. The back of the full blouse waist is similar to the front, but has less fullness; a fitted lining holds this in place, and the waist fastens in the back. When the bolero and epaulettes cannot be bought ready-made, they are fashioned out of the piece lace or all-over embroidery. Embroidered batiste is very handsome for the purpose, and combines beautifully with summer silks, challies, and all the pretty semi-transparent fabrics. Muslins, Chambéry, and lin-

ens are trimmed with Hamburg embroidery. The pattern is the "Violetta," in sizes for ten and twelve years.

WE do not furnish patterns for any designs not named in the Pattern Orders.



LADY'S CORSET-COVER. THE "RIGA."



CORSAGE ACCESSORIES.

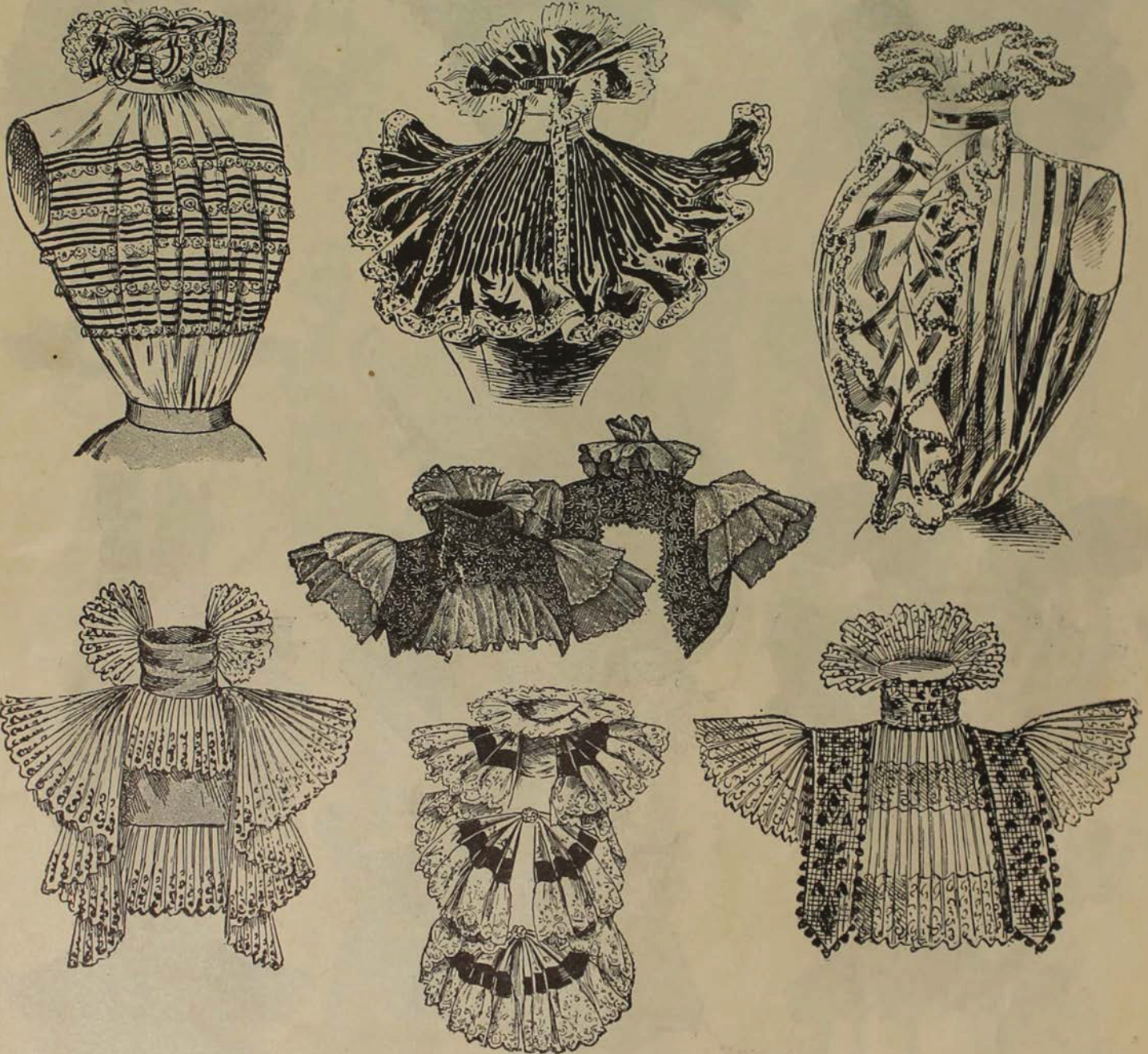
No. 1.—A sleeveless blouse of India silk to wear with blazers and jackets. The front is banded with many rows of narrow velvet, separated in clusters by frills of lace edging. It fastens in the back and is plain across the shoulders, but has a little fullness at the waist. The stock-collar is surmounted by a ruffle of the silk finished on the edge with velvet and lace.

No. 2.—Shoulder-collar of tucked India silk; the pieces are cut in umbrella-like gores and tucked to within two

holes, made of all-over embroidery or guipure, and trimmed with ruffles of *Breton* lace.

No. 5.—Yoke and shoulder-collar of rose-colored moire and embroidered white *chiffon*. The yoke is little more than a plastron in front, serving as a foundation to which plaited frills of the *chiffon* are sewed; a wide flounce of the *chiffon* forms a collar across the shoulders and is *jaboted* down the sides of the yoke.

No. 6.—A plastron of ribbon, velvet, and lace to be worn over a plain silk corsage, or as a dressy front to a bolero. A straight band of the ribbon is trimmed on both



CORSAGE ACCESSORIES.

and a half inches of the edge, where the material forms a ruffle. The pieces are put together with guipure insertion, and the ruffle is trimmed with edging to match.

No. 3.—A blouse-front of striped gauze, batiste, or grenadine; the front is trimmed with a double ruffle which may be of the same fabric, lace-edged, or of ribbon and lace. It can fasten under the ruffle or in the back.

No. 4.—A yoke with tiny jacket-pieces around the arm-

edges with a very full ruffle of ribbon or *chiffon*, and wide lace headed by velvet ribbon. The fullness of this ruffle is caught forward in *jabots*, and held in the centre of the band by jeweled pins or buttons. The *jaboted* effect continues upon the collar, over which a frill of lace falls.

No. 7.—Shoulder-collar of lace-trimmed *chiffon* and bands of jeweled passementerie. It is about four inches shorter in the back than in front.





## SUMMER MILLINERY.

## SUMMER MILLINERY.

No. 1.—Red straw toque, trimmed with roses in many shades, and a great *panache* of red taffeta ribbon which tones with the straw.

No. 2.—Burnt-straw hat with a crushed "Tam" crown, trimmed with corn-flowers, ribbon to match, and Lierre lace.

No. 3.—Toque of yellow basket-straw, trimmed with poppies, corn-flowers, and palm-grass.

No. 4.—Hat of shirred mauve *chiffon*. The crumpled crown is formed out of a plateau made of mauve straw sewed together with *beurre* lace; mauve tips, cream-colored ribbon, and roses complete the hat.

No. 5.—A quaint poke picture-hat of green rush straw, trimmed with pink *chiffon*, Lierre lace, pink roses, and a large white dove.

No. 6.—Panama sailor-hat trimmed with heliotrope ribbon and brown velvet.





Fashion Gleanings from Abroad.

(For Descriptions, see Page 599.)

WE DO NOT GIVE PATTERNS FOR ANY OF THE DESIGNS ON THIS SUPPLEMENT.





FRENCH LINGERIE.

(See Page 591.)

## A SERGE BLOUSE

(See Page 591.)

This simple and becoming blouse completes a traveling or yachting gown of blue serge, and offers an attractive model for any of the plain, serviceable woolens, heavy linens, crash, and duck, which are suitable for traveling and outing purposes. The skirt is gored, unlined, and finished with a deep hem headed by a four-inch band of white serge put on with fancy braid.—red and blue, with a few gold threads. The blouse has a yoke in the back as in front, but the deep sailor collars—one overlapping the other—conceal it entirely. The collars are faced with

white serge, and trimmed with the fancy braid; the front of the yoke is banded in the same braid, and has the effect of the usual plastron in a sailor blouse. It should fasten on the left shoulder under the collars. The sleeve is the small *gigot* with a little added fullness at the top, which gives something of a puff effect. The new changeable crashes, described in the July Fashion Review, make smart frocks in this style, and those of white and dark blue linen are much admired. Some of the white ones have pure white trimmings, braid or embroidery, and the blue ones are combined with white or *écru* linen, or trimmed simply with white braid. The pattern is the "Clarice," in sizes for twelve and fourteen years.



AN ATTRACTIVE AFTERNOON-GOWN.

THIS simple and becoming gown offers a charming design for India silks and grenadines, or for any of the light-weight woolens and semi-transparent fabrics. The model gown is of figured India silk,—dark blue with a white figure,—and it is trimmed with insertions of *beurre* lace. The skirt is the "Barbara," trimmed around the hips with a ruffle of the silk headed by a row of inser-

like a frill. The stock-collar is of the silk, with a frill of lace in the back and loops and ends of the blue-and-white ribbon like the sash; this fastens—as does the waist—in the back, and long ends hang down upon the skirt. The only lining is of blue ribbon-cloth. The pattern of the skirt is in sizes for twelve, fourteen, and sixteen years; and that of the waist, for fourteen and sixteen.



FOR SMALL GIRLS.  
ALMA FROCK.

tion; this crosses the back, where it is carried up quite high, within six inches of the waist. The corsage—the "Aubrey"—differs but slightly in the back from the front; the material for the yoke



ÉTAMINE FROCK.  
THE "VIOLETTA."  
(See Page 594.)



A SERGE BLOUSE.  
THE "CLARICE."  
(See Page 598.)

FOR SMALL GIRLS.

THIS charming little frock is of palest pink Chambéry, trimmed with lace-like insertions of Hamburg embroidery. The straight, full skirt is finished with a hem headed by two rows of insertion, and it is sewed to the waist in gathers.



AN ATTRACTIVE AFTERNOON GOWN.  
AUBREY WAIST. BARBARA SKIRT.

is tucked in very fine, cord-like tucks before cutting, and the joining of the full lower part is covered with a band of insertion; there is less fullness in the back than in front, and it is more closely fitted, not drooping so much over the belt. The front has also an additional row of trimming, the insertion being put on in Vandykes; the lower edge is left loose, so the points hang out

the fullness being held easily across the front and over the hips, and massed in the back. The full "baby" waist can be sewed to a yoke of tucks and insertion or all-over embroidery, or finished at the neck in a low square,—which is outlined with insertion,—and worn with a *guimpe*. The, short puffed sleeves are surmounted by ruffles of the Chambéry, trimmed with insertion. The model is so simple and graceful that it is commended for all washable fabrics, from linens and ginghams to thinnest muslins and India silk.

DESCRIPTION OF THE DESIGNS ON THE SUPPLEMENT.

WE DO NOT GIVE PATTERNS FOR ANY OF THE DESIGNS ON THE SUPPLEMENT.

THE designs on our Supplement are selected from the most reliable foreign sources, and also represent popular fashions here. They furnish suggestions for draperies, trimmings, combinations, etc.—in fact, for every detail of the fashionable toilet,—and the models are so practical, and in many instances differ so little from the patterns we give, that they can easily be modified, even by the least experienced amateur, to suit individual needs, and adapted to all seasonable fabrics, simple as well as expensive: while for professional dressmakers they are invaluable.



- 1.—Garden-party gown of embroidered batiste over red taffeta.
- 2.—Sage-green canvas gown with blouse of ivory chiffon; girdle and revers-facings of ivory satin.
- 3.—Queen Victoria poke of Leghorn, trimmed with rose-colored ribbon.
- 4.—Poke bonnet of fine straw, trimmed with roses, blue chiffon, and Lierre lace; brim faced with shirred chiffon.
- 5.—Dotted Swiss muslin gown, trimmed with Irish point insertion.
- 6.—Blue linen gown, trimmed with white braid.
- 7.—Reception-gown of silk-striped organdie, trimmed with ribbon-run fish-net lace.
- 8.—Garden-party gown of white barege, trimmed with appliqués of Chantilly lace and rows of narrow green velvet ribbon.
- 9.—Corsage of taffeta gown, having a yoke of jeweled passementerie, and trimmed with *beurre* lace.

- 10.—Reception-gown of pearl-gray satin, with jewel-embroidered yoke and draped jacket of Duchesse point.
- 11.—Visiting gown of cadet-blue *étamine*, with sleeves and *guimpe* of striped gauze.
- 12.—Dark blue China silk gown, having white satin yoke and girdle to match the white figure in the silk.
- 13.—Plum-colored cashmere gown, trimmed with black satin ribbon and silk passementerie.
- 14.—A smart gown of basket-woven canvas, gray over American Beauty taffeta; the ruffles are bound with black velvet, and the chip hat is trimmed with red poppies.
- 15.—Walking-gown of white piqué, trimmed with black braid.
- 16.—Reception-gown of blue *toile de laine* combined with blue-and-green plaided silk, and trimmed with dull red satin ribbon put on in a braiding pattern.

STANDARD PATTERNS.

PATTERNS of these desirable models being so frequently called for, we reproduce them in miniature this month in order to bring them within the limit of time allowed for selection. It should be remembered that one great advantage of our "Pattern Order" is that the holder is not confined to a selection from the patterns given in the same

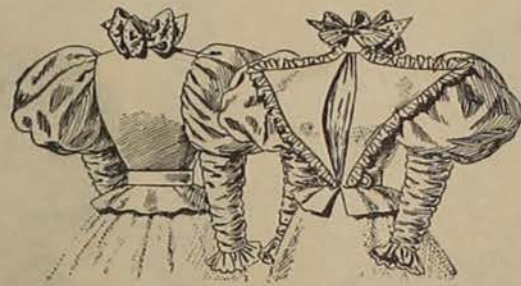
number with the "Pattern Order," but the choice may be made from any number of the magazine issued during the twelve months previous to the date of the one containing the "Pattern Order." *Always remember that a "Pattern Order" cannot be used after the date printed on it.*



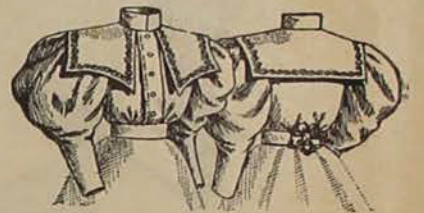
PRINCESS HOUSE-GOWN.



RECAMIER HOUSE-GOWN.



CARLIER BASQUE.



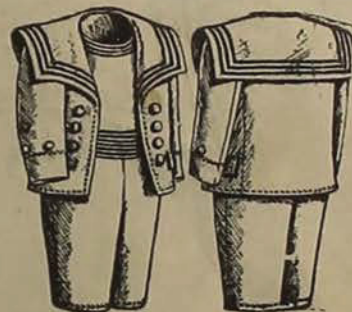
WINGINA WAIST.



RERA WRAPPER.



ESPINATO CORSAGE.



COMMODORE SUIT.



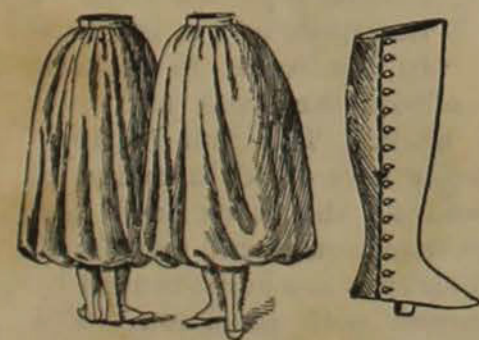
"MOTHER HUBBARD" NIGHT-GOWN.



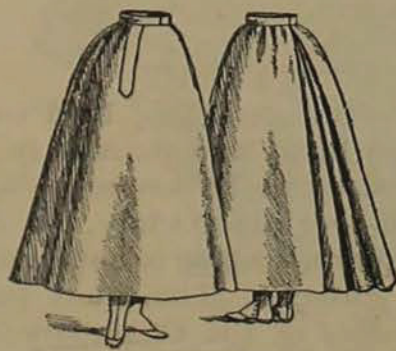
WINGATE DRESS.



METRA FROCK.



LADIES BLOOMERS, OR FULL KNICKERBOCKERS, AND LEGGINGS.



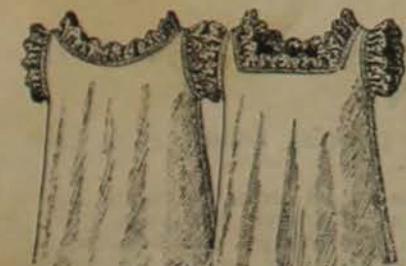
LADIES' BICYCLE SKIRT.



NYDIA FROCK.



DOROTHY FROCK.



FRENCH SACQUE CHEMISE.



MEN'S PAJAMAS.



LADIES' DRAWERS.



SANS-SOUCI DRESS.



NORFOLK JACKET.



ALVIN DRESS.

It is absolutely necessary, when sending Pattern Orders, to write the name and full address on each one in the spaces left for the purpose. Failure to do so may account for the non-arrival of patterns. Always send four cents postage when you send for a pattern.





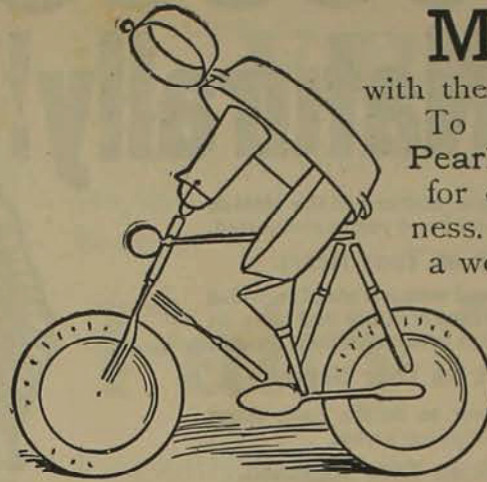
**HALL'S  
Vegetable Sicilian  
HAIR RENEWER**

Beautifies and restores Gray Hair to its original color and vitality; prevents baldness; cures itching and dandruff. A fine hair dressing.

R. P. HALL & CO., Props., Nashua, N. H.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.



**Make haste**

with the dishes, if you're going out. To get through quickly, take Pearline and water. Not only for quickness but for thoroughness. Pearline cuts the grease in a wonderful way. Less time and less work in washing dishes, pots and pans, and all the kitchen things.

Pearline makes clean wheeling, too. Nothing like it to get rid of grease, mud, dirt, and grime on clothes and hands, or for cleaning up generally. It's an excellent chain lubricant. Keep a tin can or bottle of it in the tool-bag.

563

**Millions NOW USE Pearline**

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

**HOUSEHOLD.**

**THE TOOTHsome SALAD.**

(Continued from Page 585.)

The pulp removed from the tomatoes may be used for tomato jelly, which makes a delicious salad. Simmer the pulp gently until soft; season with salt and pepper. To a pint of the tomato add half an ounce of soaked gelatine; when well dissolved, strain through a fine sieve, and pour into tiny molds to stiffen. On a large flat dish arrange the small inner leaves of blanched lettuce to form rose-like nests; place the molds of the tomato jelly in the nests of leaves, and mask with a thick *mayonnaise*. The tiny pink mounds may be sprinkled with chopped walnuts or pecan nuts. Another way is to mold in a round border, and when inverted on a flat dish the centre is filled with a nut salad.

These nuts salads are very popular, and are composed of walnuts or chestnuts. To prepare the chestnuts, remove the outer husk, cover them with boiling water and drain, when the thin inner peel may be removed; boil tender in water with a bit of mace, one clove, and a slice of onion. These proportions are for half a pound of nuts. A pepperpod may also be thrown in with the nuts. When they are tender, drain, remove the bits of onion and cloves, and let them stand until cold. If the nuts are large cut them into pieces. For walnuts, shell, and simmer for ten minutes in sufficient water to cover them. Add to half a pint of shelled nuts a salt-spoonful of salt, a bit of pepperpod, one clove, a small blade of mace, and one slice of onion. It is best to tie the spices

(Continued on Page 602.)

**It's a True Sign**

As the workman is known by his tools, so the housewife is known by her methods. Nearly a million brilliant housewives know the best method of cleaning Silverware. They use



**SILVER  
ELECTRO-SILICON  
POLISH**

Another million would if they knew its merits. We're looking for those who do not. Are you one? If so, simply send us your address, and you'll soon join the army of wise ones. **It's unlike any other silver polish.**

Trial quantity for the asking. Box post-paid 15 cts. in stamps. Grocers sell it.

THE ELECTRO SILICON COMPANY, 30 CLIFF ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

**Reduced Prices  
on Suits.**

WE wish to close out our entire line of Summer suitings during the next few weeks, and in order to do so we have made decided reductions. We have also issued a Bargain List of sample garments which we are offering in many instances at half the regular price. You have now an opportunity to secure desirable dresses at remarkably low prices:

Tailor-Made Suits, \$5 up, were \$8 and \$10.

Bicycle Suits, \$5 up, former price \$8 to \$12.

Skirts, \$3 up, really worth \$6 to \$8.

Duck and Crash Suits, \$3 up, were \$4.

All orders filled with the greatest promptness. Write to-day for our Catalogue, Bargain List and samples of materials; we will send them to you free by return mail. Be sure to say you wish the Summer Catalogue.

Our New Fall Catalogue of Suits and Cloaks will be ready August 15. Write now and we will mail you a copy, with samples of new cloakings and suitings as soon as issued. Be sure to say you wish the new Fall Catalogue.

THE NATIONAL CLOAK CO.,

119 and 121 West 23d St.,

New York.



Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.



NO-TO BAC NO-TO BAC NO-TO BAC NO-TO BAC NO-TO BAC NO-TO BAC NO-TO BAC NO-TO BAC NO-TO BAC NO-TO BAC NO-TO BAC NO-TO BAC NO-TO BAC

NO-TO BAC

# Stop Naturally!

NO-TO BAC

Tobacco users, think a moment of the state of your body, run a few steps and you're exhausted. That's Tobacco at Work on Your Heart.

NO-TO BAC

Hold out your hand and watch it tremble, trifles irritate you. Can't think steadily and have an all gone feeling without tobacco in your mouth.

NO-TO BAC

That's Tobacco at Work on Your Nerves.

Your vigor, the power to do the right thing at the right time, is slipping away.

NO-TO BAC

That's Tobacco at Work on Your Manhood.

NO-TO BAC

## Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away

NO-TO BAC

when you can easily and forever destroy that nerve-craving and eliminate nicotine from your system with No-To-Bac. Are you one of the tens of thousands of tobacco users who want to stop and can't for a day without actual suffering? To you we say truthfully you will find relief in

NO-TO BAC

NO-TO BAC

NO-TO BAC

# NO-TO-BAC Guaranteed Tobacco Habit Cure.

NO-TO BAC

What better proof can be offered than the sale of over a million boxes in three years. Buy from druggists anywhere, they are all authorized to sell under a guarantee to cure. Written guarantee sent on request. Start today and see how quickly No-To-Bac kills the desire for tobacco, steadies the nerves, increases weight, makes the blood pure and rich, tingling with new life and energy. Gloomy days will be gone; the sunshine will be brighter. The old man in feeling is made young again and—happy.

NO-TO BAC

Sample of No-To-Bac, a Booklet with Written Guarantee of Cure mailed free. Address THE STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, Can., New York.

NO-TO BAC

NO-TO BAC NO-TO BAC NO-TO BAC NO-TO BAC NO-TO BAC NO-TO BAC NO-TO BAC NO-TO BAC NO-TO BAC NO-TO BAC NO-TO BAC NO-TO BAC NO-TO BAC

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

(Continued from Page 601.)

in a thin muslin bag, which may be removed when the nuts are done. When drained, allow to cool, mix with equal parts of celery shredded fine, or lettuce, and incorporate the whole with mayonnaise.

The artichoke has been facetiously termed the "sweetheart of vegetables." At all events, the sweet hearts of artichokes form the basis for a tempting salad. Throw the artichokes into salted boiling water and boil until tender. Drain for a few moments, and remove all the leaves until only the tender hearts remain. Place these on ice to become chilled, and when very cold cut into inch cubes or thin, even slices. The possibilities of the artichoke as a salad are infinite. The simplest form is to mix it with shredded lettuce and dress with mayonnaise.

**CRIPPLES** HELP FOR THE HELPLESS

MEN, LADIES & CHILDREN

HAND & FOOT POWER TRICYCLES



SEND FOR CATALOGUE

FAY MFG. COMPANY 209 PINE STREET ELYRIA, OHIO.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

Don't omit the second cover advertisements.

A very pretty salad is served on a flat dish. In the centre is a pyramid of the artichokes cut into cubes and thickly masked with mayonnaise colored a delicate pink. To produce this result use beet juice, or a drop or two of cochineal coloring. About the base make a circle of tender lettuce-hearts with a garniture of lemon-tinted nasturtium blossoms. Yet another arrangement is to cut the "chokes" in thin slices and dip each slice into thick mayonnaise. Take a flat, round dish and make a circle of the slices of artichokes, each slice overlapping its neighbor; sprinkle thickly with walnut meats. Heap in the centre the shredded leaves of "buttercup" lettuce mixed with mayonnaise. The "chokes" are excellent served with a plain French

(Continued on Page 603.)



(Continued from Page 602.)

dressing of pepper, salt, oil, and vinegar. There may be the faintest sprinkle of finely chopped green peppers, and frequently the salad is made of artichokes and hard-boiled eggs, cut into dice and served in little cups of lettuce leaves.

The salad *par excellence* for summer is nasturtium salad. Use the pale yellow or blanched lettuce, and tear the tender inner leaves into shreds. To a pint of the lettuce add half a gill of nasturtium pods and tiny flower-buds scarcely formed; mix well, and garnish with yellow nasturtium blossoms. It should be dressed at the table with a French dressing. Pepper is not required, as the salad will be rendered sufficiently pungent from the nasturtiums. A good proportion of oil and vinegar is two table-spoonfuls of the former to one of the latter, with a salt-spoonful of salt. Nasturtium blossoms make an exceedingly pretty garnish for all summer salads. As a last caution, remember that whatever is used for a salad it should be served ice-cold.

ELEANOR M. LUCAS.

## CORRESPONDENCE CLUB.

The increased number of our correspondents, and the difficulty of finding time to examine or space to answer all their letters, render it necessary to urge upon them, **First**—Brevity. **Second**—Clearness of statement. **Third**—Decisive knowledge of what they want. **Fourth**—The desirability of confining themselves to questions of interest to others as well as themselves, and to those that the inquirer cannot solve by a diligent search of ordinary books of reference. **Fifth**—Consideration of the possibilities of satisfactory answers to the queries proposed. **Sixth**—A careful reading to see if the questions are not already answered in separate articles and departments of the Magazine. We wish the Correspondence Club to be made interesting and useful, and to avoid unnecessary repetition. We are obliged to confine it within a certain space, and we ask for the co-operation of our intelligent readers and correspondents to further the objects. Inquiries respecting cosmetics, medicine, or surgery, will not be noticed.

"MARY."—The dumb-bell exercises for the development of the bust were given in an article by Prof. Warman, "Physical Culture," which was published in DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE for April, 1891. If you have a file of the magazine you would better study the article, as it contained many other helpful exercises, and was fully illustrated. The special movements for which you ask are as follows: With arm akimbo, place the left hand at the side of the waist, with the fingers resting against

(Continued on Page 604.)

One of the best receipt books for everyday use in the kitchen that we have ever seen is that published by the Cleveland Baking Powder Company, New York, and mailed free to those who request it and send stamp.

It is a pamphlet of 78 pages and contains four hundred selected receipts for soup, fish, meats of all kinds, breakfast breads, biscuit, plain and fancy cake, puddings, desert, beverages, food for the sick, etc.

The book also contains specially contributed receipts by Marion Harland, Miss Maria Parloa, Mrs. S. T. Rorer, Mrs. D. A. Lincoln, Mrs. Eliza R. Parker, and nearly fifty other leading teachers of cookery and writers on Domestic Science.

We advise all our readers to send for a copy. Send address with stamp to Cleveland Baking Powder Company, New York.

# FREE

Send us your name and address and we will mail you free of charge a beautiful book of

## Fairy Tales

Elegantly gotten up and handsomely illustrated in colors. Mention this paper.

**THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY,**  
New York. Boston. Philadelphia. Baltimore. Pittsburg. Chicago. St. Louis.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write

**PRICES OF OXYDONOR GREATLY REDUCED.** Send for New Price-List.



## OXYDONOR

(Trade-Mark, Registered Nov. 24, '96.)

### The New Life-Giver

(Trade Mark Registered Nov. 24, 1896.)

the **Genuine**—made by the Discoverer and Inventor, **Dr. H. Sanche.** Book of particulars and price-list sent free to any address.

**DR. HERCULES SANCHE, DYSPEPSIA.**

My Dear Sir:—Permit me to say that after six months' use of your Oxydonor I have been greatly relieved and almost entirely cured of Dyspepsia, Liver and Kidney troubles, from which I had suffered for many years.

I am persuaded that for most of the ills to which the human body is subject, the Oxydonor is an invaluable remedy.

207 Greene St., N. Y., 316 Halsey St., Newark, N. J. Yours very truly,  
N. A. MERRITT.

NEW YORK, Feb. 15th, 1897.

George P. Goodale, Sec'y. **Detroit Free Press**, writes, May 2d, 1897:

"Oxydonor is the chiefest single blessing with which I have made acquaintance on this earth; and I would not voluntarily forego its benefits for a deed in fee simple of Greater New York."

**Reliable Dealers Wanted in all parts of the Country. Liberal Terms.**

**DR. H. SANCHE & COMPANY,**  
261 Fifth Avenue, New York City. 61 Fifth Street, corner Fort, Detroit, Mich.  
Canadian Office: 142 St. Lawrence Street, Montreal.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.



## ROOZEN'S DUTCH BULBS

For Fall, 1897, and Spring, 1898, Planting.

HYACINTHS, TULIPS, NARCISSUS, LILIES, CROCUS, RANUNCULUS, IRIS, AMARYLLIS, GLOXINIAS, PEONIES, DELPHINIUMS, GLADIOLI, DAHLIAS, ETC., ETC., in Thousands of Varieties, New and Old.

The flowers which, if planted *indoors* in the Fall, cheer the homes in the gloomy Winter months; which, if planted *outdoors* in the Fall, are among the first to show their exquisite beauties in the Spring.

The largest catalogue of the above and all new and rare bulbs is published by the famous growers, **ANT. ROOZEN & SON, OVERVEEN** (near Haarlem), **HOLLAND**. (Est. 1832) All intending purchasers are respectfully invited to apply to **undersigned American Agent**, or to **Messrs. Roozen direct**, for the above catalogue, which we take pleasure in sending to such free. *Prices greatly reduced.*

**J. TER KUILE, General American Agent, 33 Broadway, N. Y. City.**

Our own Book on Cultivation for 30 cents.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.



(Continued from Page 603.)

# MALE COMFORT



is secured by using the Improved Washburn Fasteners

as applied to BACHELORS' BUTTONS, HOSE SUPPORTERS, CUFF HOLDERS, DRAWERS' SUPPORTERS, PENCIL HOLDERS, NECKTIE HOLDERS, EYE-GLASS HOLDERS, KEY CHAINS.

The simplicity, yet bull-dog tenacity, of this little article makes it the ideal fastener.

The wonderful utility of these various articles makes their purchase a necessity where their great merit is understood.

Any of above sent postpaid on receipt of 10c., except Aluminum and Phosphor-Bronze Key Chains, which are 25c.

**FREE!** Handsomely Illustrated Catalogue sent on request.

AMERICAN RING CO.,  
Dept. D, Waterbury, Conn.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

the lower ribs. Grasping a dumb-bell in the right hand, extend the arm forward; then sweep it downward, backward, upward, forward, and downward again, thus making a complete circle. Repeat this ten times; then reverse the motion, throwing the arm upward and backward first. Exercise the left arm in the same way, and alternate the movements between the two arms. They are of great advantage even without dumb-bells, in which case the hands must be closed tightly, as if you were going to punch something with your fists. To be of any value the movements must be made with vigor and earnestness,—that does not mean swiftly,—so the shoulder and bust muscles will feel the strain. This exercise is similar to the Indian-club movements to which it has been said the English actress Mrs. Langtry is largely indebted for her superb figure.

"ATHLETICS."—Your bicycle-gown will answer very well for the golf links. Read "Fashion Review" for July, for details as to materials and colors used for these gowns. The principal difference between those prepared for the wheel and those for the links is that the former are usually shorter.—The divided skirt has not often been seen on the links, but there is no reason why it should not be if women find it comfortable and convenient. The principal objection to it for walking, unless it is cut very short, is that there are two skirts to catch on low bushes, twigs, and projecting rocks, instead of one. Thus you may take a long stride with the right foot only to be brought up short by finding that the hem of the skirt on the left side has caught round something; ugly falls have been caused by such accidents.—Do not wear bright pink or blue shirt-waists on your wheel. The pongees and the striped chevots are all right, and will look much better. Women of taste avoid everything which is conspicuous in color or cut when cycling.

"E. D."—DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE patterns are all cut by the most perfect scale of artistic proportion; when a figure varies from these the pat-

(Continued on Page 605.)

### Sickness Among Children

is prevalent at all seasons of the year, but can be avoided largely when they are properly cared for. *Infant Health* is the title of a valuable pamphlet accessible to all who will send address to the N. Y. Condensed Milk Co., N. Y. City.

# THE "ONEITA"



Elastic Ribbed UNION SUITS

are complete undergarments covering the entire body like an additional skin. Perfectly elastic, fitting like a glove, but softly and without pressure. No buttons down the front. Made for Men, Women, and Young People. Most convenient to put on or off, being entered at top and drawn on like trousers. With no other kind of underwear can ladies obtain such perfect fit for

Patented April 25th, 1893.

dresses or wear comfortably so small a corset.

Send for illustrated booklet.

ONEITA KNITTING MILLS.

Office: No. 1 Greene Street, New York.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

## MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM

### TOILET POWDER

Approved by Highest Medical Authorities for the use of infants and adults.

#### "MENNEN'S"

is the original, others are imitations and liable to do harm.

Positive relief for all affections of the skin. Delightful

after shaving. Take no substitute. Sold by druggists or mailed for 25 cents. Samples **FREE**

GERHARD MENNEN CO., Newark, N. J.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

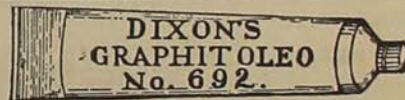
### "PARTED BANG."



Made of natural CURLY HAIR, guaranteed "becoming" to ladies who wear their hair parted, \$6 up, according to size and color. Beautifying Mask, with preparation, \$2; Hair Goods, Cosmetics, etc., sent C. O. D. anywhere. Send to the manufacturer for Illustrated Price Lists.

E. Burnham, 71 Sta. St. Central Music Hall, Chicago.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

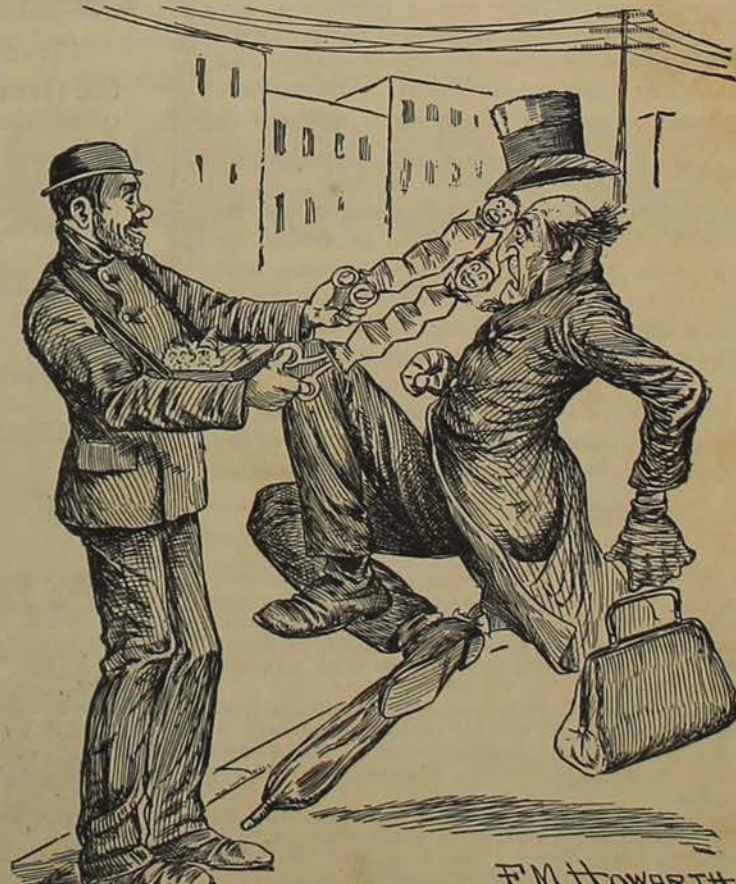


Lubricates every pin and pivot, as well as the chain and sprockets of your bicycle.

It will pay you to send 15 cents for sample.

JOS. DIXON CRUCIBLE CO.,  
JERSEY CITY, N. J.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.



F.M. HOWARTH

### A PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATION.

UNCLE HAYSEED—"I'd jest like ter see them things work, mister."

HUMOROUS PETE (the peddler)—"All right; there you are!"



# \$5000 REWARD FOR ANY FAILURE. HAIR ON FACE

Neck and Arms removed in 3 minutes by  
**MME. A. RUPPERT'S DEPILATORY.**

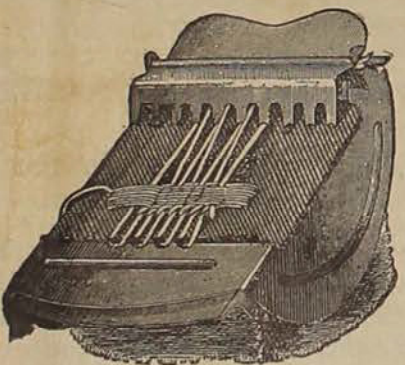


The above offer is bona-fide. Mme. Ruppert will pay to any one having hair on any part of the person that her wonderful Depilatory will not remove in 3 minutes without injury to the skin five thousand (\$5,000) dollars. Mme. Ruppert refers any one interested as to her financial responsibility to the publisher of this journal. Mme. Ruppert's Depilatory is wonderful in its action, immediately dissolving all superfluous hair from face, neck, arms or any part of the person. It acts like magic. One application removes entirely all disfiguring hair inside of 3 minutes. Every bottle is guaranteed or money refunded. Its application is so simple that a child can use it without the slightest injury. Mme. Ruppert has placed this wonderful **DEPILATORY** within the reach of all. A bottle will be mailed to anyone in plain wrapper on receipt of \$1.00, although the price of a first-class preparation of this kind should be much higher. Mme. A. Ruppert's **Face Bleach** has been for many years a familiar household word. Most every one knows directly or indirectly of its great merit for the removal of Freckles, Tan, Sallowness, Blackheads, Pimples, etc. It has not even a competitor worthy of the name. Face Bleach sells at \$2.00 per bottle, or 3 bottles taken together for \$5.00. Sent only by express. Mme. Ruppert's book, "How to be Beautiful," sent free on application. Address in confidence, **MME. A. RUPPERT, 6 East 14th Street, New York City, N. Y., or 155 State St., Chicago, Ill.** Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

## Pin Money. . .

We offer every lady a chance to make \$8.00 to \$10.00 a week for the next three months, making sample darns for us at home. We use them to show what wonderful work can be done on the

## Imperial Darning Machine.



Will put a fresh heel or toe in a stocking in 2 minutes. Mends Tablecloths, Curtains, Underwear and all fabrics. A most wonderful success and

the greatest addition to a lady's work-table. Saves the eyes and temper and does away with that tedious old-fashioned way of picking up the stitches.

Send 25 cents in money or postal note, and machine will be sent free of all charges to your address, and you can start right in and work for us. All instructions and samples sent with machine.

We refer you to any Mercantile Agency as to our standing.

**Standard Novelty Co.,**  
101 Beekman St., New York.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

ALL KINDS OF WATCHES from 98c. upwards; handsome catalogue free. Safe Watch Co., 9 Murray st., N. Y. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

(Continued from Page 604.)

tern would, of course, have to be adjusted to it. As you seem to have trouble with the arm-size it may be that you need to allow something for the shoulder-seams; and the darts should not be cut till you have fitted them. It would be a good plan to lay a pattern upon a perfect-fitting waist if you have one; that ought to show you wherein the difficulty lies.

## GLEANINGS.

INTERESTING AND CURIOUS FACTS.

The first Sunday-school in the world was founded by John Wesley, in Savannah, Georgia, in the year 1736. It was on the 7th of March of that year that Mr. Wesley preached his first sermon, taking for his text the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, which he used to expound most eloquently the principles of Christian charity as set forth by Saint Paul.

WHEN Queen Victoria was crowned there were but eleven daily papers in England, and their combined circulation was but forty thousand. They were all in London, and a quarter of the circulation belonged to the "Times." There were few advertisements in those days, and every paper had to pay an almost prohibitive tax.

WHEN Queen Victoria came to the throne only fifty-four elements were known to science. Since then, through the invention of the spectroscope, twenty-four more elements have been discovered. So marvelously delicate is this instrument that it can detect the presence of one two-hundred-millionth of a grain of salt.

LIGHT and air were both taxed in the first years of Queen Victoria's reign; the tax on windows brought £1,000,000 sterling a year to the English treasury, and poor people blocked up their windows to escape payment.

ALL the great tunnels of the world have been built in this Victorian Age.

THERE are several species of ants that keep slaves, and one variety, the *Polyergus rufescens*, is entirely dependent upon them. Sir John Lubbock kept some of these ants isolated for three months by giving them a slave for an hour or two every day to feed and clean them; but he was convinced that they would have perished in two or three days, even with food in the box, without the care of the slaves.

THE horses of German cavalry regiments are to be shod with paper shoes, recent experiments as to their durability and lightness having proved extremely satisfactory.

## AGENTS' OUTFIT FREE. No Capital Needed.

Weekly sales pay big money. We make a high grade **BICYCLE** as low as \$24.00. Fully guaranteed. Shipped anywhere on approval, direct from our factory. **ALPINE CYCLE CO., Dept. 104, Cincinnati, O.** Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write



## How to Become Beautiful.

By **NELLIE GREENWAY**. This book of 128 pages gives hints and helps to all who wish to be beautiful. Over one hundred valuable recipes. Mailed to any address, securely sealed, on receipt of 25 cts. in stamps. Address **J. S. OGILVIE PUB. CO., 69 Rose Street, New York.** Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

## "WHAT COMES EASY GOES EASY."

Cheap Skirt Bindings Last a Little While, and Look Badly While they Last.



Lasts a GREAT WHILE, LOOKS WELL and WEARS WELL all the Time.

Look on the back for the letters S. H. & M. It's the Only Way to tell the Genuine.

If your dealer will not supply you we will.

Samples showing labels and materials mailed free. **S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699, N. Y. City.** Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

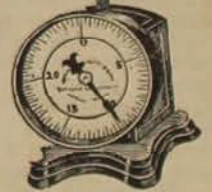


## To Weigh the Baby

once a week the first six months, and then once a month till two years old, physicians say, is the surest guide to its condition. Our scales and willow basket make this no trouble to the mother, save all annoyance to the child. Basket can be detached, and scales used for other purposes.



Our new Illustrated Catalogue not only describes many such novelties designed for care and comfort of the little ones, but shows how all the advantages of clothing children here—which is our special business—can be enjoyed by ordering through the mails. Free for 4 cts. postage.



60-62 West 23d Street, NEW YORK.

Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.

## THE WOMAN'S WISH

Holds the skirt up, and the shirt waist down. Winter weights, as well as the finest fabrics, without tearing. Keeps the waist from bagging, the skirt from sagging, and is always out of sight even with narrow belts. The illustration is full size. Sample pair, by mail, 25c. Entirely new.



The way your waist looks wearing the "WISH"

A. R. BEESE, Davenport, Iowa. Mention Demorest's Magazine in your letter when you write.



BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES FOR THE DEMAREST'S MAGAZINE PORTRAIT ALBUM.

321. CHIEF-JUSTICE FULLER.

Melville Weston Fuller, American jurist, and Chief-Justice of the United States Supreme Court since 1888. Born at Augusta, Maine, Feb. 11, 1833. He was admitted to the bar in 1855, and settled in Chicago the following year, practicing law there till his appointment by President Cleveland to his present office.

322. JUSTICE FIELD

Stephen Johnson Field, American jurist, son of David Dudley Field. Born at Haddam, Conn., Nov. 4, 1816. He was graduated from Williams College in 1837, and studied law in the office of his brother, David Dudley, Jr., becoming his partner after his admission to the bar. In 1849 he removed to California, and was one of the pioneers of that State; elected Judge of the Supreme Court of the State in 1857, and succeeded David S. Terry as Chief-Justice in 1859, continuing in this office till his appointment by President Lincoln to the Supreme Court of the United States in 1863.

323. JUSTICE HARLAN.

John Marshall Harlan, American jurist. Born in Bogle County, Ky., June 1, 1833. He was graduated from Union College in 1850, and from the Law Department of Transylvania University in 1853. In 1858 he became Judge of Franklin County, Ky.; entered the Union Army as Colonel of the 10th Kentucky Infantry; was Attorney-General for the State in 1863-67; and became Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court in 1877.

324. JUSTICE BREWER.

David Josiah Brewer, American jurist. Born at Smyrna, Asia Minor, June 20, 1837. He was graduated from Yale in 1856; studied law with his uncle, David Dudley Field, and was admitted to the bar in New York City; removed to the West shortly after, and practised his profession in Leavenworth, Kansas. In 1862-5 he was Judge of Probate; 1865-9 Judge of the First Judicial Court of the State, and in 1870-81 Judge of the Kansas Supreme Court. In 1884 he was appointed U. S. Judge of the Eighth Circuit, and in 1889, Justice of the Supreme Court.

325. MRS. ANNIE FRENCH HECTOR.

Annie French Hector, best known under her pseudonym "Mrs. Alexander," English novelist. Born at Dublin, 1825. She began writing at an early age, but gave it up on her marriage to Mr. Hector; after his death she devoted herself to literature as a profession, and soon became a very successful and popular writer. Her books have a healthy, pleasant tone; among the most successful are "The Wooing O't" (1873), "Her Dearest Foe" (1876), "The Frères" (1882), and "The Admiral's Ward" (1883).

326. GEORGE W. CABLE.

George W. Cable, American novelist and short story writer. Born in New Orleans, Oct. 12, 1844; now resident in Northampton, Mass. Mr. Cable is of Colonial Virginian and New England descent, and writes of the picturesque life among the Southern mixed races of his birthplace with the eyes and the keen emotions of the artist looker on. "Old Creole Days" won for him a unique place among American writers; "The Grandissimes" is his most important novel.

327. ANDREW LANG.

Andrew Lang, Scotch poet and writer. Born at Selkirk, March 31, 1844; was educated at St. Andrews University and Balliol College. Author of "Ballads and Lyrics of Old France," "XXII Ballades in Blue China," "Ballades and Verses Vain," "Letters to Dead Authors," and countless essays. The general public knows him best as a magazine writer, and he has made many notable translations.

328. CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI.

Christina Georgina Rossetti, English poet, sister of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Born in London, Dec. 5, 1830; died there Dec. 30, 1895. More picturesque poetry it would be hard to find; her sonnets are very charming, often betraying a bewitching fancy. Among her published works are "The Goblin Market" (1862), "The Prince's Progress" (1866), and "Time Flies" (1885).

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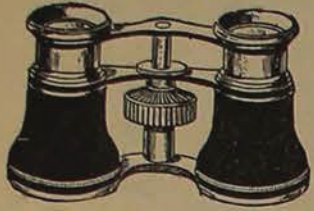
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**This List of Standard Remedies**

Has been carefully prepared and comprises medicine that is in daily demand. It is important that you get it fresh and pure. The several ingredients are guaranteed to be pure and will be compounded by manufacturing experts.

"OUR OWN MEDICINE CHEST" contains the following: 100 liver pills, which act upon that organ; 100 iron tonic pills, to restore color to cheeks and lips; 100 anti-constipation pills, to gently move the bowels; 50 dyspeptic tablets, for indigestion; 25 headache pills, which cure any ordinary headache; 100 quinine pills, 2-grain, for malaria, colds, etc., \$1.25.

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This quinine is the very best that is manufactured, and will often cure when inferior quinine has failed.

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**SPECIAL REMEDIES.**—There are certain prescriptions now universally used in special cases, and these can now be had in pill form as follows:

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- 200 tonic pills, for nervous prostration, for the overworked and overworried, \$1.00.
- 200 diarrhoeal pills, not more than two being required to effect a cure, \$1.00.
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- 150 kidney pills, which gently stimulate that organ and relieve the urinary troubles of old and young, \$1.00.
- 250 cold tablets, which, if taken in season, will break up any cold that can be caught, \$1.00.

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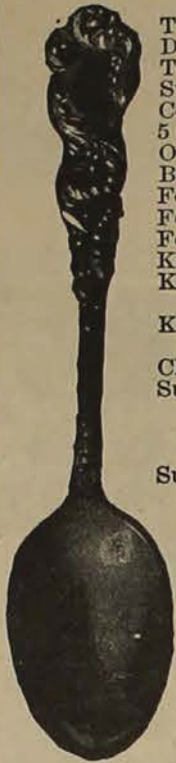
- 2-oz. tube Vaseline Camphor Ice.
- 2-oz. tube of Pure Vaseline.
- 1-oz. tube Capsicum Vaseline.
- 1 jar Vaseline Cold Cream.
- 1 cake Vaseline Family Soap.

The **CAMPHOR ICE** is an exquisite toilet article, and most excellent for chapped and rough skin, hands, lips, for relief of cold in the head, etc. **PURE VASELINE** is an invaluable remedy for external treatment of wounds, burns, sores, cuts, chilblains, sunburn, &c., &c. **CAPSICUM VASELINE** is a concentrated extract of the cayenne-pepper plant taken in vaseline, is superior for a mustard plaster and will not blister. **VASELINE COLD CREAM** is good in cases of chafing, and particularly beneficial for the skin and complexion. **THE SOAP** is peculiarly good for all family toilet purposes. Price for the box, 50 cents, delivered by post.

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**New—Useful—Beautiful.**

This newly discovered gold-metal makes the most beautiful tableware. It is constantly in use at the Fifth Avenue Hotel and the Hotel Waldorf, of this city, which is considered the finest hotel in the world. It is the exact color of 14-k. gold; is the same through and through; will in consequence last indefinitely, and to all appearances your table will be set with solid gold. Imitation goods are on the market. See that the trade-mark, Waldo H E, is on each piece. To maintain the beauty of the metal, wash clean in warm, soapy water, and dry thoroughly, using the polish when necessary.



	1/2 DOZEN.	DOZEN.
Tea Spoons.....	\$1.75	\$3.45
Dessert Spoons....	3.00	5.75
Table Spoons.....	3.45	6.85
Sugar Shells, each, 60c....		
Coffee Spoons.....	1.75	3.20
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Orange Spoons.....	2.15	4.25
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Forks, Dessert.....	3.00	5.75
Forks, Medium.....	3.45	6.85
Forks, Oyster.....	2.65	5.00
Knives, Butter, each, 70c.		
Knives, Medium, hollow handle, steel blades	6.00	11.00
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Child's Set, three pieces, per set....	1.30	
Sugar Tongs, each.....	1.25	

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Sugar Shell, one in box.....	\$0.85
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Oyster Forks, six in box.....	3.15
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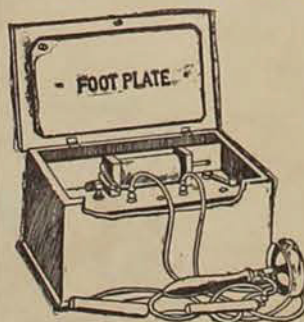
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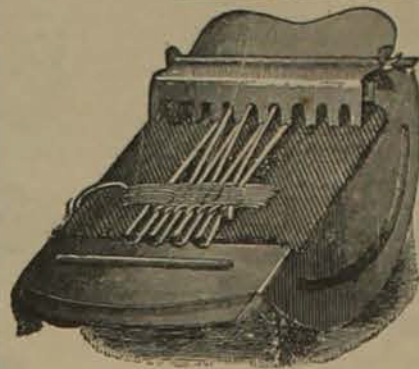
our readers, as it gives a steady, strong or mild current, will not get out of order easily, and is equal to the most expensive instruments in finish and efficiency. Price, complete, \$4.25. Extra dry plates will be furnished for 50 cents. This battery will be sent securely boxed, all complete for use, by express, the receiver paying the charges.

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PAT'D DEC. 8, 1896.

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Dessert, or Soup, Spoons. Dessert, or Tea, Forks.

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This newly discovered gold-metal makes the most beautiful tableware. It is used in the finest hotels in the world, is the exact color of 14k. gold, the same through and through, and will last and retain its color as long as there is a piece of it. For prices for all kinds of flat tableware, see February and March numbers of this Magazine. There are imitations of this gold on the market.

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AS ILLUSTRATED.

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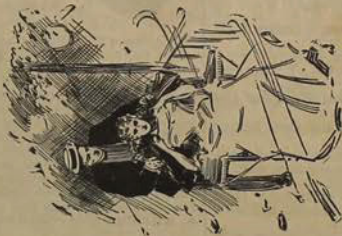
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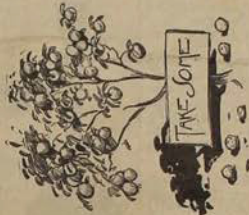
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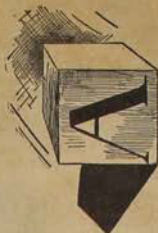
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DICKEY HICKS—"Please, ma'am, he was a bull-rusher."

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MR. SLIMSON—"Willie, didn't you go to the trunkmaker's yesterday and tell him to send around the trunk I ordered?"

WILLIE—"Yes, sir."

MR. SLIMSON—"Well, here is the trunk, but no strap. Didn't he say anything about the strap?"

WILLIE—"Yes, sir; but I told him I guessed you hadn't better have any strap."

(Continued on Page 610.)

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**\$100 Sewing Machine.**  
WARRANTED FOR 10 YEARS.

200,000 SOLD IN 10 YEARS.  
The only High Grade Sewing Machine sold for \$19.50. SENT ON TRIAL. Ask for catalogue of other styles. If you have any doubts about them giving satisfaction, ask us to send Testimonials received from ladies residing in your vicinity who have used them.

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**Per WEEK**

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FULL INFORMATION GLADLY MAILED FREE.

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Run a pen or pencil through the name and size of the pattern desired.

Example: ~~Albertine Basque, 34, 36, 38, 40~~ Bust Measure. If pattern desired is not in this number, see directions on other side.

Please read other side of this Order carefully.

Name, .....

Street and Number, .....

Post-Office, .....

County, ..... State, .....

**PATTERN ORDER.**

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 1. Berena Corsage, 34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust.       | 17. Princess House-Gown, 34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust.  |
| 2. Fernhill Corsage, 34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust.     | 18. Lady's Bicycle Skirt, Medium and Large.        |
| 3. Natica Blouse, 34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust.        | 19. Lady's Bloomers and Leggins, Medium and Large. |
| 4. Romelda Blouse-Coat, 34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust.  | 20. Mother Hubbard Night-Gown, Medium and Large.   |
| 5. Fayette Blazer, 34, 36, 38, and 40 Bust.       | 21. French Sacque Chemise, Medium and Large.       |
| 6. Riga Corset-Cover, 34 and 36 Bust.             | 22. Lady's Drawers, Medium and Large.              |
| 7. Blouse Front, Medium Size.                     | 23. Reva Wrapper, 12, 14, and 16 years.            |
| 8. Kittera Overskirt, Medium Size.                | 24. Wingina Waist, 12 and 14 years.                |
| 9. Aubrey Waist, 14 and 16 years.                 | 25. Wingate Dress, 8 and 10 years.                 |
| 10. Clarice Blouse, 12 and 14 years.              | 26. Metra Frock, 6 and 8 years.                    |
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| 12. Olive Frock, 8 and 10 years.                  | 28. Dorothy Frock, 4 and 6 years.                  |
| 13. Alma Frock, 4 and 6 years.                    | 29. Nydia Frock, 2 and 4 years.                    |
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- 90 Little Annie Rooney... Michael Nolan
- 1 Longing... W. L. Mason
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- 26 Love's Dream, Waltz Song... Harry Desmond
- 56 Love's Soft Greeting... N. L. Gilbert
- 4 Man that Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo, Gilbert
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  - 53 American Guard March, Two-Step... Chas. E. Pratt
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[SEE THE OTHER SIDE.]

(Continued from Page 609.)

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SHAKE WELL BEFORE TAKING.

(Continued on Page 611.)

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- Little Annie Rooney.....Michael Nolan
- Little Fisher-Maiden (The).....Ludolph Waidmann
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- Little Butter Cups' Song.....Sir Arthur Sullivan
- Love's Soft Greeting.....N. L. Gilbert
- Love That Slumbers.....Milton Wellings
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- The Country Cousin--Comic.....Vincent Davis
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- Tell Me Truly.....A. M. Wakefield
- When Soft Eyes Smile.....Jos. L. Roedel
- Why Tarries My Love.....T. Welch
- When The Twilight Gathers In.....J. L. Molloy
- Will Your Heart Respond to Mine?.....A. D. Duwivier
- When I View The Mother Holding.....Anon
- Watchman, What of The Night.....Ch. Gounod
- Wst! Wst! Wst!.....Look Sharp
- Won't You Tell Me Why Robin!.....Claribel
- Whisper in The Twilight.....Anthony Nash

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**DEMAREST MAGAZINE,**  
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(Continued from Page 610.)

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In a hammock, in the orchard,  
Swung I with my darling Grace;  
There was danger of her falling,  
So I held her 'round the waist.

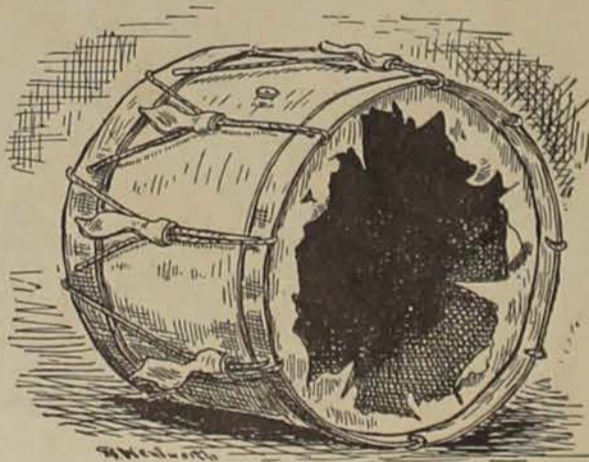
Just above a rosy apple  
Hung quite fast upon the tree.  
"See that apple, dearest Charlie?  
Get it then," said Grace to me,

So I swung the hammock higher,  
Reached—ah, it's another case!  
For just then I lost my balance  
And like Adam fell from Grace.

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*Brooklyn Life.*